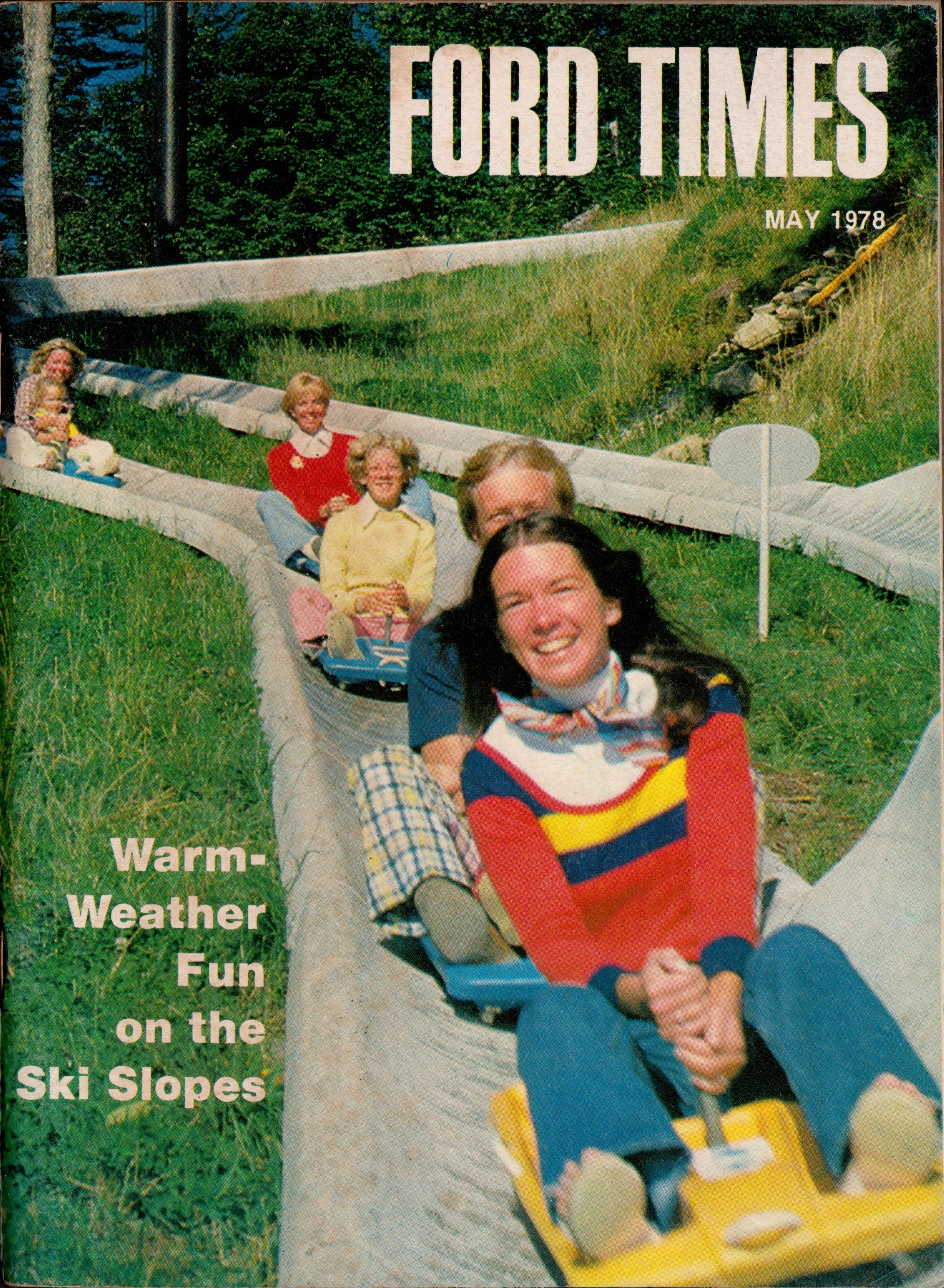


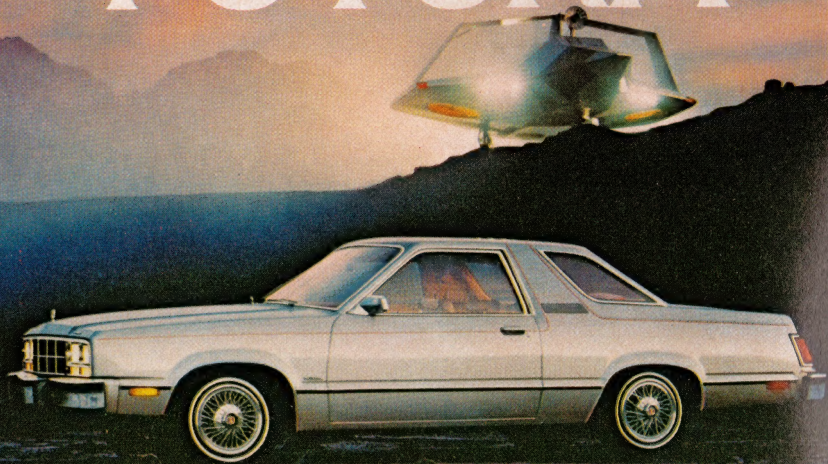
FORD TIMES

MAY 1978



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FORD TIMES

May 1978, Vol. 71, No. 5

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Ford Motor
Company, The
American Road,
Dearborn, Michigan
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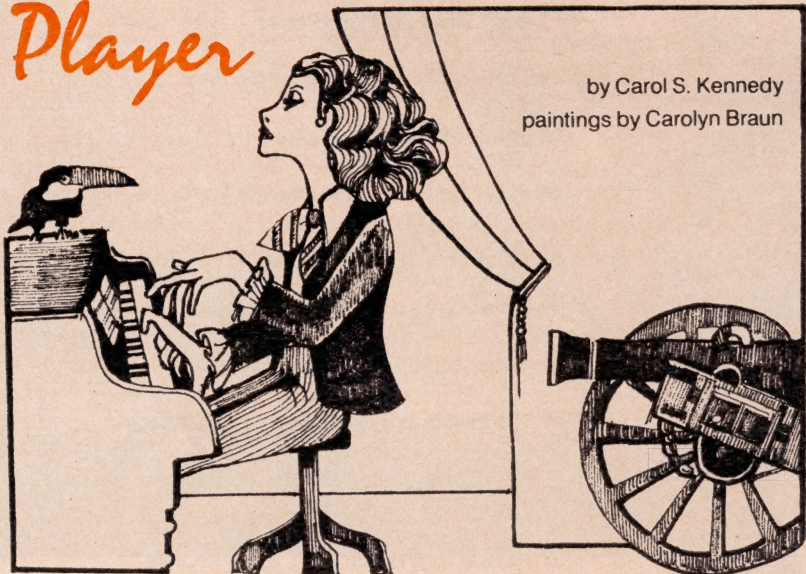
64 Letters

Cover: The Alpine Slide at Bromley Mountain in Vermont offers warm-weather fun after the ski season. It's one of about 20 that have been installed at ski resorts across the country during the last two years. Story begins on page 12.



Don't Shoot the Piano Player

by Carol S. Kennedy
paintings by Carolyn Braun



“DON'T SHOOT THE Piano Player, He's Doing His Best” reads the sign in our local “ole-tyme” pizza parlor. Presumably the sign was hung there for its ole-tyme amusement value, but in me it arouses a feeling of kinship for the poor devil who inspired the saying in the first place.

Countless times in my brief career of piano accompanist have I taken my

place at the bench, cowering under an imagined barrage of rotten eggs. At these times shooting the piano player seemed a humane alternative—but I was never that lucky.

No one, least of all me, expected any kind of public life to result from the music lessons I began taking in third grade. Although I enjoyed piano study, early on I formed an intense dislike for

recitals and any other kind of command performance.

Left alone, I played like an angel, but the presence of an audience froze my stubby little 8-year-old fingers and set even my pigtails aquiver. Clearly, I was destined for a one-to-one relationship with my baby grand, and that was fine with me.

Then came high school. In my junior year I was admitted to the a cappella choir: an unqualified Big Deal because the choir director, Miss Replogle, was highly selective. She could afford to be. One of those legendary figures found in seemingly every tradition-rooted community, Esther Replogle had been with the Webster Groves, Missouri, school system nearly 40 years. Feared and adored by several generations of students and school officials, she made the choir a memorable experience for every kid lucky enough to be included.

Miss Rep was generous with praise, unsubtle with criticism. "Lousy!" she'd bellow after a weak opening chord. And we'd try again—two times, a dozen times—until we got it right.

One day at the close of the hour, Miss Rep said, "Can anyone play piano by ear?" I raised my hand—or rather, some poltergeist grabbed it and yanked it into the air. I tried to retrieve it but too late: Miss Rep had spotted me and directed me to report immediately.

What she told me, when I finally gathered the courage to sidle up to her desk, was destined to reorder my entire high school existence.

The choir had been asked to perform

at the forthcoming Turkey Day pep breakfast. Miss Rep wanted to do a medley of college football songs, which were all in different keys. So all she needed, she explained in the casual tones of one asking to borrow a pencil, was someone to take the music, learn the songs, write a series of musical bridges so the key changes would come



off smoothly . . . and play the whole thing as a piano accompaniment.

"Can you do that?" she asked. And of course I agreed, not because I thought I really could but because nobody ever said "no" to Esther Replogle without a good reason.

She would have brushed aside my reasons but they seemed perfectly acceptable to me. There was my long-standing shyness about playing in public and the prospect of 98 voices plus

this formidable woman depending on me to hit the right notes escalated shyness to terror.

But there was another reason, too. That year my self-confidence was at lower ebb than usual. I was at a bizarre stage of orthodontic treatment where my front teeth had all been pushed forward for proper alignment before being moved back into place. I was scrawny because my teeth often hurt too much to eat. And I was naturally reserved: a bookworm, not a football fan. I wasn't even going to the Turkey Day game.

All I wanted that year was to keep a low profile, which was difficult enough with an overbite like Peter Rabbit's. How ludicrous that I should instead have to sit in front of a roomful of my peers—especially the seniors—whomping out an oompah accompaniment to *On, Wisconsin!*

But I did, and came through it unscathed. I suspect that Miss Replogle, an experienced observer of adolescent angst, had me figured out. She treated me gently and, to my surprise, asked me to learn more songs after the pep breakfast performance.

Slowly, during that year, my confidence grew and even though I never overcame an initial rush of panic before hitting the first note, I came to enjoy the teamwork with Miss Rep. She brought me a long way. It also helped that I got my braces off that spring.

During my years of public piano playing, I learned three basic rules:

Never trust your memory. It will fail at the most inopportune moments. During my senior year I played the accom-

paniment to *This Is a Great Country*, one of those oompah arrangements for which I was now famous. I had learned the piece by heart and had probably played it 100 times without even glancing at the music. On the 101st, my mind went blank during a crucial piano interlude. There was a ghastly silence before Miss Rep and the choir began to guffaw. So did the camera crew who happened to be filming us for a television special. After that I continued to memorize but always made sure I had the sheet music handy.

Never trust a strange piano. Old pianos never die, they just get donated to charitable organizations. Miss Rep's choirs performed for many such groups, and during our busy Christmas season I often encountered as many as five venerable clunkers a week. Esther Replogle's rules of professionalism prevented me from being seen before a performance checking out the piano, so I never knew what lay ahead until I squared off against my instrument, usually an ancient upright, for the moment of truth. That moment was rarely pleasant. I had arpeggios sabotaged by stuck keys. I suffered near-tendinitis from stomping on balky pedals. I ran amok on mushy keyboards and fairly flogged the sound out of stiff ones. Inevitably on rollers, some of these old grandes dames would edge farther and farther away so that by the end of a number I'd be playing at arm's length, which eloquently demonstrated my feelings toward these pianos, anyway.

Never take the small stuff for granted. "Carol, we're getting married



March 28 in my grandmother's house, and we'd like you to play for the ceremony." This was my dear and longtime friend, Barbara Shutt, talking. How could I refuse? Never mind that one false chord could devastate this most special of occasions. I ignored the warning signals in my head and proceeded with the plans for my first wedding concert.



Barbara chose *Allegro maestoso* from Handel's *Water Music* for her family's entrance, the traditional wedding march for her own processional and *The Lord's Prayer* to be sung midway through the ceremony by her music major friend, Claire.

I turned my brain inside out trying to anticipate any situation that might occur. Had the piano tuned. Rehearsed the *Water Music* entrance so many times the basement almost flooded. Transposed *The Lord's Prayer* to a lower key so that

Claire's climactic note on "the kingdom and the power and the glory forever" wouldn't blast the windows out of Grandmother Shutt's parlor. All bases, it seemed, were covered.

One adolescent curse that never plagued me was sweaty palms. On the afternoon of March 28, however, my hands reminded me of those red rags used by filling station attendants to clean windshields.

I placed my clammy fingers on the keyboard and began. The prelude pieces went well enough because the wedding guests chatted all the way through them and paid scant attention to me. But then it was time for the family's entrance—or rather I thought it was. Flummoxed by the sudden shift of attention to the music, I miscalculated, started too soon and had to wade through *Water Music* four times.

After that, the ceremony proceeded smoothly—and movingly—to the moment of Claire's solo. As the bride and groom knelt before a bank of flowers, her lovely soprano rang out . . . then faltered. She had forgotten the words to *The Lord's Prayer*.

My whole life flashed before me. What was I supposed to do now? I couldn't mouth the words at her because the large mirror hanging over the piano would make my frantic facial contortions visible to all the guests.

I kept playing woodenly. Claire hummed. Finally, when we got to "Give us this day," that particular plea was granted because she picked up the verse again. Her high note, delivered with ease, left windows and eardrums

intact. And everyone—including me—remembers it as one of the nicest weddings ever.

Since that day, the life-changes that occur in nearly everyone's 20s—career, marriage, parenthood—have put me back on a one-to-one basis with my piano. I am fortunate to have in my home the same baby grand I grew up with, and except for an occasional “musicale” with friends, I play strictly for my own pleasure.

The day may come, however, when

the baby grand submits patiently to the efforts of another budding performer. Last year, I gave birth to our first child, Charles Mason, whose generously proportioned features were a source of wonderment to all who came to see him.

“Look at the spread on those hands!” his Auntie Nan exclaimed. “He’s going to be great piano player.”

Better learn to duck, Charlie. It’s a reflex every great piano player ought to develop. □



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Enjoying the Flowers Along the Way

story and photos
by James Tallon

America has more than 50,000 species of flowering plants and most of them seem to grow beside our roads and highways

A FEW YEARS AGO, at the close of summer, we returned to Arizona after a sabbatical year in Montana. Slowed down by the 55 mile-per-hour speed limit and a fully loaded u-rent-it truck, we were better able to interpret the blur of color that flowed along the side of the road.

The reds, yellows, golds, blues, purples and numerous in-between shades regularly fenced us in from our point of embarkation in the mountains at Helena, through Idaho and Utah, and into the desert almost to our doorstep in northwest Phoenix. This bright spectrum was hundreds of species of wild flowers with a grand total of individual blossoms beyond our imagination.

My wife, Vicki, born of Mormon stock with a special feeling for the land and the things that grow in and upon it, has always been in love with flowers. As a hunter and fisherman myself, in my immaturity I once felt it was ef-



Strawberry hedgehog

feminate for a grown man to be caught sniffing flowers or examining petals, pistils, stamens and sepals with any degree of enjoyment.

Perhaps I was first swept into this sphere by what one book referred to as "belly flowers," literally flowers that you must lie on your belly to see. Though some measure less than one-eighth of an inch in diameter, they may be more superbly detailed than their giant counterparts. I was awed that Mother Nature could squeeze such incredible loveliness into such microscopic bits of plant life and appalled that she had virtually hidden them from the casual passerby; I was more im-

pressed with those facts than with the flowers themselves. Regardless, from there it was an easy transition to flower addict. Now I hunt and fish with much more bending and stooping than before.

Flowers can be found most every-

grow roadside when fields and forests beyond may be empty of them is simple. Highways are designed to shed precipitation, which, naturally, flows to the shoulders. This moisture bonus allows roadside flowers to get a head start on their brethren just a few yards



Dandelions



Bigelow asters

where in our country, even in so-called barren deserts. I well remember great fields of verbena turning the buff-colored sand dunes near Yuma, Arizona, to swells of blue and purple. But few places have more variety of species and sheer volume than those just beyond the restless hubcaps of our vehicles—the shoulders of our roads and highways. It is here that man, unthinkingly, has combined with nature in a sort of backhand of horticulture, to create narrow Elysian Fields that stretch for millions of miles. It is a fringe benefit—excuse the pun—of modern highway engineering.

The explanation of why flowers

away; it may well be the source of life for seeds at roadside. Nonexistence could lie beyond it.

A botanist at Arizona State University told me he felt germination of roadside flower seeds was possibly also influenced by heat radiated from roads and highways, particularly those constructed of asphalt. He chuckled and recalled a year when the rain was especially abundant in the southern half of Arizona. "We were filming in Organ Pipe Cactus National Monument for Public Service Television. A ranger there said that they (National Park Service personnel) don't like to tamper with nature but the plants growing at road-

side were so tall and thick, that they might have to thin them out 'so monument visitors can get a look at the desert.'"

Of course the seasons affect roadside flower varieties and numbers. But so do other factors such as latitude, elevation, sunlight and shade, soil composition—both physical and chemical—and even the direction of the road. Some plants that grow at roadside might be called weeds under other circumstances, such as when they compete with cultivated plants. Yet, not only do they bear exquisite flowers, some are good to eat and some have medicinal value.

It was the trip from Montana to Arizona that heightened my interest in flowers, particularly those at the roadside. I drove the rental truck at the time and Vicki, with our daughter, Rachel, followed behind in our van camper. The truck had a governor on it to hold down speeding drivers, and getting over the hills with it meant shifting into lower gears and creeping. When I saw what looked like unusual displays (the botanist's term for flower groups), it was an easy matter to do what motorists interested in flowers should do: We pulled off the highway and stopped for a closer look.

It is not uncommon to find as many as 30 species of flowers in a 100-foot-long section of shoulder. Finding 10 or more species is common. Just a few days ago, Vicki and I saw desert mallow, prickly-poppy, brittlebrush, desert marigolds, California poppies, ocotillo, desert lupine and hedgehog cacti. We semi-identified a species of

daisy and are still trying to identify three species of belly flowers. All of these were concentrated and blooming in less than 30 feet of roadside.

Just like people, flowers become more interesting when you know their names. We are still students (and probably always will be), but it gives us a certain pleasure to say, "Look, there's some globemallow," or, "Did you ever see so many Apache plumes?" A specific flower may have an Indian name, a Spanish name and perhaps several English names. Only the Latin, or scientific, name can be depended upon for complete accuracy in identification.

One of our favorite roadside flowers is the lupine (the Texas state flower, called the bluebonnet, is a lupine) and we used to be relatively happy to identify it simply as that. But we have learned there are at least 120 different kinds of lupine. Most of these grow in the Western area where we live, and we are no longer content with just the family name. We now try to isolate the type.

An even more numerous flower family is the petstemons, with 250 different forms. Again we Westerners are the most lucky; only about a dozen varieties are found in the East. But do not feel shorted, Easterners, for you have an abundance of roadside flowers that are scarce or nonexistent in the West. Among them, the asters. They number 150 kinds, of which only a few take root in soil west of the Mississippi. Other families such as violets, with 100 different species, are found nationwide.

To help me separate form or details of a flower with which I am unfamiliar, I

carry a folding magnifying glass. It has become a permanent pocket item, just like a pocket knife or vehicle keys. And traded back and forth between a box in our van and shelves in our library are several flower identification books.

As a photographer as well as a writer, I cannot resist the vibrant color of flowers and my slide files attest openly to that fact. Many of these transparencies are strictly for identification purposes and the self-gratification of knowledge; I do not pick flowers (some species have been made rare by over-picking). I prefer to see them living in the wild.

The average nonprofessional photographer owns a camera that demands he stand back at least three feet from his subject to keep it in focus. A serious flower photographer would do well to invest in a modern single-lens reflex camera. He can buy a used one for a modest price, then add an inexpensive bellows, and he is in the flower photography business. The bellows goes between the camera and the lens, and permits the photographer to single out even minute blossoms of the belly flowers and give them visibility and magnitude.

Now fully aware of roadside flowers, we program ourselves for them. At home we sometimes alleviate "commercial shock" by browsing through flower guides as our favorite TV shows are interrupted.

We also visit National Parks and Monuments, not only to see wildlife, geysers, waterfalls and canyons, but also with an attentive eye for roadside flowers. Our parks and monuments are

literally wild flower sanctuaries.

Summer thundershowers in the Southwest can make roadside flowers burst into life and we make special trips to see them. We know that spring, summer and fall usher in different varieties at different elevations, and we tie trips in with these color explosions. Brittlebush and mallow may draw us in the spring, phlox heliotrope and wild geraniums in summer and evening primroses and silvery lupine (at higher elevations) in fall.

Henry Ward Beecher, a minister and great orator of the mid-1800s, once said, "Flowers are the sweetest things that God ever made and forgot to put a soul into."

There are more than 50,000 species of flowering plants in America and, given the right conditions, many of them will thrust from the soil at the roadside. Drive slowly when you see them. Stop, look and enjoy. Often. □

Fish hook cactus



ALPINE SLIDING

*It's attracting people to the ski slopes
after the snow melts*

by Greg Stone

CHAIRLIFTS AREN'T my bag. My palms start to perspire just writing about them. The sight of a chairlift rising slowly up a mountain in all its majesty does for me what the cry "shark" does for the average swimmer. So why was I taking my third chairlift ride of the afternoon?

It wasn't for the southwestern Vermont mountain scenery. We had been enjoying that for more than an hour as we wove our way along State Highway 11. It was for the ride down: the ride down Bromley Mountain in a slim, low-slung, one-person plastic sled. It was because I wanted once more to whip about banked turns like an Olympic bobsledder, feeling the wind in my face and an altogether new thrill for an

aging, somewhat overweight, under-exercised body.

The Alpine Slide, America's newest quasi-sport, had me, my wife, Bren, and our two children, ages 10 and 12, hooked. If your travels this year take you anywhere near one of about 20 slides now operating coast-to-coast, and if there's an ounce of kid left in you, watch out. You'll probably get hooked, too.

The Alpine Slide is simplicity itself, but there are several factors which set it apart from any other type of slide you've ever encountered. First is length. The slide at Bromley Mountain is 4,060 feet long—almost a mile of "S" curves, straights and sudden chutes. Second is material. Formed of



asbestos concrete in a shallow trough a couple of feet wide, the slippery pathway is banked at sharp turns to make sure all but the wildest enthusiasts stay on the straight (really, curved) and narrow.

Finally, unlike other slides, you don't wear out the seat of your pants. Instead, you sit on a specially designed sled. A single control lever sticks up between your knees. Push it forward, and you go fast. Let it slide back to neutral, and you skid along a little slower. Pull back and you come to a reasonably quick stop.

First introduced in Europe in 1972, the giant slides were brought to the United States by the Alpine Slide Corporation in 1976.

"We liked it right away because everyone can afford this sport," said Karl Pfeiffer, vice-president of Alpine. "That was one of its nicest aspects. There is no big investment in equipment for the individual. He or she doesn't have to train to get into shape. You just ride and enjoy it."

Enjoy it? I was having my doubts as we headed up the mountain on the chairlift for the first time. Not only was my phobia about chairlifts clutching at me, but to the right I could see the parallel concrete troughs of Bromley's two slides with people in them hurtling down the mountain. It looked dangerous. What if I went too fast and flew out of the trough? What if some nut behind me tried to set a speed record and rode up my backside?

Having survived the chairlift, I was determined none of us was going to get wiped out zipping down the mountain.

Bren and I agreed on a strategy. I'd go in front to make sure the kids didn't go wild and exceed what we considered to be a safe speed. She'd ride in back to pick up the pieces. This caution gave us peace of mind, but proved unnecessary. After a couple of rides, Bren was complaining the kids were too slow. She wanted a chance to cut loose.

So here we were at the top of the chute once more.

"Been down before?" asked the teen collecting tickets. "Sure," we answered, and with the steadiness of old pros waited extra seconds to make sure the sliders in front of us had a good lead. We didn't want any neophytes slowing up what was to be the last trip of the day.

For a moment the mountain panorama stretches out before us. Then, with all the sureness of a fighter pilot peeling off for a dive, I push forward hard on the control lever. The sled lifts up an inch or two on its rubber wheels and immediately noses down the mountain. The first turn is a gentle one, and there's no need to slow at all. Then it's into another straight. Now the sled really picks up speed. Ahead are some trees and the slide twists through them. Now ease back on the stick and go smoothly into the "S" turn, riding high on the bank.

Hardly out of that turn and it's time to bank the other way. The stick is in neutral. Gravity is doing the trick. But once on the next straight, the stick is jammed forward again. Speed is the name of the game, or at least the feeling of speed. Ahead, on a parallel track, is another



slider. Can I overtake him? Racing isn't encouraged, but who can resist the challenge? Through a succession of twists, turns, and straights I inch forward. The person is wearing a light green sweater. A secret feeling of machismo builds in me. The gap between the unknown slider and me narrows now to just a few feet, and then, coming out of the next to last turn, I overtake him. Elation! I glance to the right, a victory smirk on

my face. The charming old woman in the green sweater, a 5-year-old granddaughter perched snugly in front of her, smiles back.

Can you get hurt? It's possible. We went sliding one afternoon at Bromley Mountain and another at Mt. Tom, north of Holyoke, Massachusetts, however, and never saw anyone get hurt. But signs warn that the slides aren't "fool's proof," and there certainly were times when all of us felt we came near to pushing things too far.

Children under 7 years old ride with adults. Anyone over that age is allowed to go it alone, and that means golden agers as well. When Bromley's first slide opened in July 1976, 77-year-old Fred Pabst, who founded Bromley, insisted on being one of the first sliders. By the end of the summer he had been surpassed in the unofficial "oldest rider" sweepstakes by someone aged 84.

For operators of ski areas the slides are a tremendous bonus. Although they cost about half-a-million dollars to install and equip, the investment means lifts, gift shops and related facilities now may be used throughout most of the spring, summer and fall.

While costs vary somewhat around the country, at Bromley, \$8.50 buys a five-ride book of tickets for children 7 to 12 years old. This includes the chairlift, and is good for a solid afternoon of fun. For adults, the price is \$12.50. But it's well worth it. People may tell you the sleds go only 20 miles per hour, but it feels more like 80, and believe me, Walter Mitty never had it so good. □

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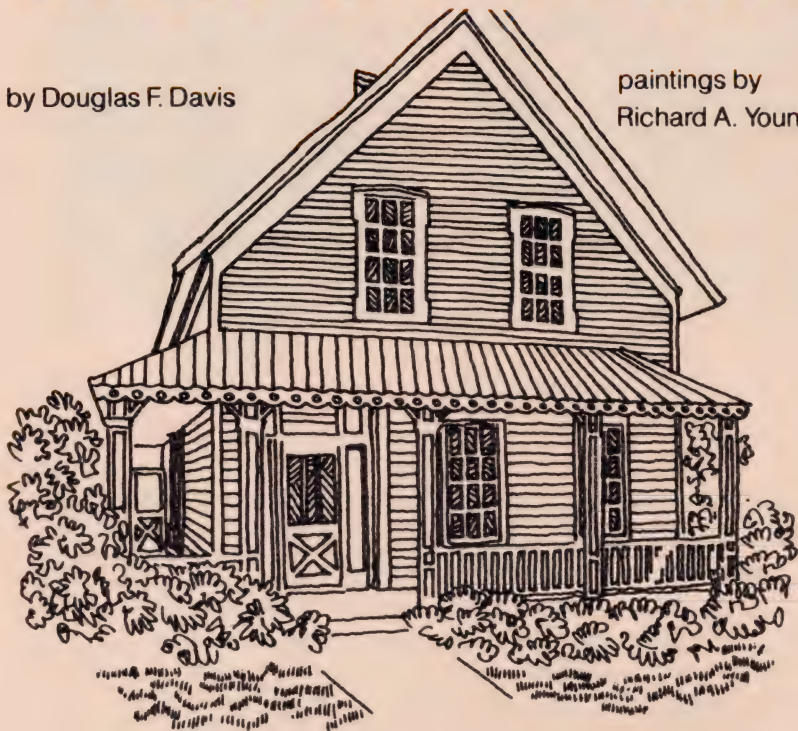
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Puget Sound's Yankee Sawmill Town

by Douglas F. Davis

paintings by
Richard A. Young



Port Gamble, Washington, is a living
antique that strongly reflects
its Downeast heritage

DOWN THE Strait of Juan de Fuca, past Admiralty Inlet and the upper neck of Puget Sound, the Hood Canal angles southwest between the Olympic and Kitsap peninsulas of Washington. Port Gamble, Puget Sound's historic Yankee sawmill town, perches on a spit of land near the tip of the Kitsap Peninsula, like a sea gull on a pier piling, one eye calmly surveying the Hood Canal to the west, the other fixed on Gamble Bay to starboard. It's an easy hour's drive northwest from Seattle, including a ferry hop across Puget Sound.

When the National Parks and Historic Sites Commission called Port Gamble "the finest example of a 19th century Pacific Coast logging community," it meant just that: no frills, bars, restaurants, motels or tourist shops. Just a beautifully restored sawmill town from another era.

The slender Gothic spire of St. Paul's Church stands sentinel at the head of Rainier Avenue, overlooking a small antique town whose 195 residents live in modest Victorian homes built over a century ago. The Spartan-clean simplicity of the town is the mark of its Yankee founders, lumbermen from the Maine seacoast with sawdust and salt-water in their veins. For decades Port Gamble sailing vessels dominated the lumber trade of the Pacific Basin—from Peru to China and Australia. Its mill is the oldest continuously operating sawmill on the North American continent, and still thriving.

Port Gamble was founded in 1853 by Captain William C. Talbot and Andrew J. Pope who left their homes in East

Machias, Maine, in the hectic days of the Gold Rush to open a lumber business in San Francisco. The tumultuous building boom that erupted in the Golden Gate City and Sacramento sent Captain Talbot sailing north to search for a sawmill site along Puget Sound where an endless forest of virgin fir, cedar, hemlock and spruce stretched from the water's edge to the rolling hills as far as a man cared to look. In those days, Seattle was hardly more than a clearing in the woods and a twinkle in Henry Yesler's eye. Yesler built the first steam-powered sawmill on the Sound in 1852 and stayed to become a major figure in Seattle's growth; but it was Port Gamble that was to become the major lumbering enterprise in the Sound's early decades.

The Yankee style and flavor of Port Gamble have a simple origin. The first millworkers were Maine men, intensely loyal men with a love for timber and the smell of sawdust, who shipped westward with Pope and Talbot. The town they built, not surprisingly, came to resemble the Downeast towns they had loved and left. St. Paul's Church, for example, is a facsimile of the First Congregational Church of East Machias of the 1850s, clean-lined, trim, spare as a ship's spar. Its straight-backed pews are marked for occupancy by the town's first families on engraved brass nameplates, ranked front to back, pew by pew, in order of the families' social standing.

At the Port Gamble General Store, a rambling square-fronted structure, early residents gathered to trade with



Indians from the village across Gamble Bay. Paddling their slender canoes, the Indians brought salmon, venison and handicrafts. It was rumored that some of the canny Indians were slipping down to Seattle to buy cheap artifacts to trade at a profit in Port Gamble. These were obviously not related to the tribe that traded Manhattan Island for a few bright-colored beads. Who else would think of trying to out-trade a Downeast Yankee?

Adjacent to the General Store, the traditional mill manager's residence is the finest house in town, its spacious porch overlooking the mill and encompassing a sweeping view of Gamble Bay and the sparkling waters of the Hood Canal. Decorative touches lightly applied to the more modest Victorian homes in town seem to have been gathered together for one great splurge on this Queen Anne-style mansion: curved balustrades, semi-turreted corners, scalloped trim, fancily turned spindles and posts, stained glass, gingerbread and five fireplaces—an architectural collage of spacious windows, detail work, textures, lines, curves and angles. Here, the resident manager entertained foreign buyers, returning sea captains and visiting dignitaries. From the porch the smell of new-sawn wood wafts up from the mill to mingle with the salt breeze, an aroma calculated to make a Maine Yankee lumberman forget he ever left home and to bring a broad smile to his lean, whiskered face.

The Port Gamble mill prospered. The primitive up-and-down muley saw

that chewed the first logs into lumber was replaced by a live gang saw, then a big double-circular saw, the first of its kind in a Northwest mill. Tall-masted ships bellied up to the docks, taking on cargoes of lumber for San Francisco and Los Angeles, and also for Hong Kong, Tahiti, the Sandwich Islands (Hawaii), Australia and Peru. Saws sang, sawdust flew and homes, ships, bridges, barns and businesses sprouted up and down the West Coast and around the rim of the Pacific Basin—often from lumber shipped out of Puget Sound's Yankee sawmill.

At the corner post office across the street from the General Store, D. B. Jackson, the postmaster, could spot the mail bark as its sail loomed over the horizon. He would be waiting at the dock with his trusty wheelbarrow to trundle the payroll of silver dollars up to the mill office safe. Jackson stayed postmaster under nine presidential administrations, from Franklin Pierce to Grover Cleveland.

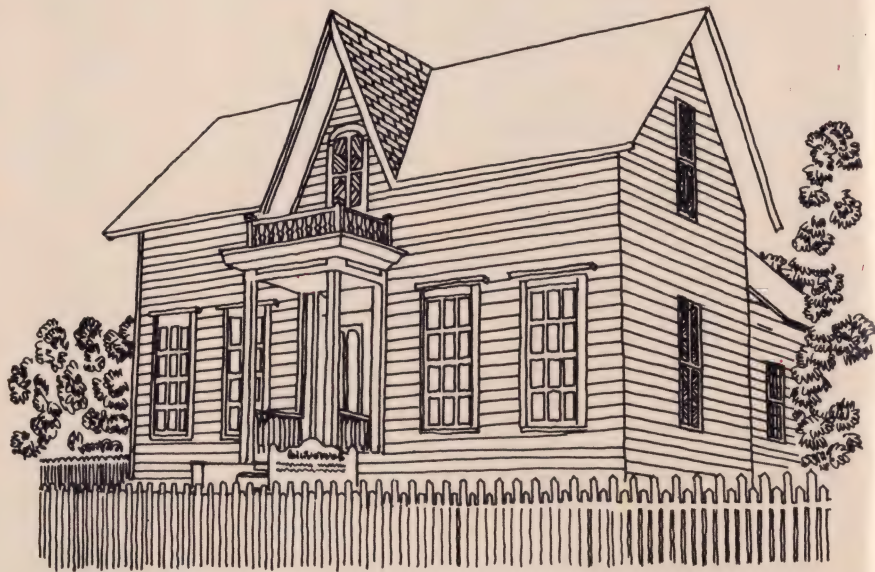
Not much has changed in Port Gamble. The elms are grown now—elms shipped as seedlings around Cape Horn from Maine in 1872 for planting along town streets and around the cemetery. The rows of single workers' cottages are gone (few millworkers are single these days) and the old Puget Hotel was destroyed in the disastrous 1962 Columbus Day storm. Facsimiles of the hotel lobby and other memorabilia are displayed in the recently opened museum in the basement of the General Store.

The Port Gamble Historic Museum is an exquisite cameo of the town's early

days, mounted in a richly toned setting of wood paneling and decorative beams. The plush Victorian elegance of the Puget Hotel lobby contrasts sharply with the sparsely furnished full-scale replicas of the captain's cabin and cargo hold of the brig *Oriental*, the sailing vessel that brought the town's founders to Port Gamble. Heirlooms from pioneer families are displayed next to colorful exhibits of artifacts from Puget Sound Indian tribes. A refurbished 1912 Knox tractor, among the first to haul logs successfully from Northwest woods, gleams proudly from the floor.

Museum hours are 10:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. daily, March 1 through November 30 and some winter holidays. It is open only by appointment the rest of the year. Admission is free for children under 12, 50 cents for senior citizens and \$1 for other persons over 12. Port Gamble is possibly the only place in the United States where the town itself is as old as or older than its museum artifacts.

The days of sail are gone but Port Gamble endures, like the commemorative boulder of Maine granite by the town flagpole. Instead of schooners and



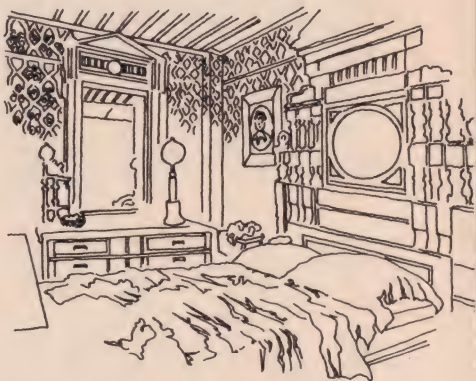
barks, great steel-hulled cargo ships load at its docks. Port Gamble may be old but its ways are not. Past and present stand eye-to-eye in Port Gamble, serene and smiling.

For a sharp shift in perspective (and a delicious lunch or dinner), it is well worth the 10-minute drive across the Hood Canal floating bridge to nearby Port Ludlow. Built in the same year as the Port Gamble mill, the sawmill at Port Ludlow is gone. In its place a modern resort community nestles into a wooded hillside above a mirror-like bay, a community designed to attract people with a leisurely "today" lifestyle. Except for a few venerable barnacled pier pilings, the past has been erased and along with it that tingly once-upon-a-time feeling. It makes good sense that we enjoy our Port Ludlows, but we would not want all our Port Gambles to become Port Ludlows. It is a matter of respecting different but equally important values.

The elm-lined streets of Port Gamble whisper in muted voices of a past that still hovers over the town. Many of the homes, named after their first residents, are described in brief legends on interpretive panels placed on front lawns. The James Thompson house, the M. S. Drew house, the Walker-Ames house—these and others were built to fit and express the characters of their first families. The town was as much a garment as a collection of structures, not simply lived in but worn next to the skins of its Yankee settlers.

On a sunny morning, smoke drifts lazily from red brick chimneys into

clear blue skies. From the grassy bank opposite the church you may see a tugboat chuffing up Gamble Bay, towing a log raft the size of a football field, like an ant struggling along with a whole potato chip. The noise from the sawmill seems to stay down by the bay and the town is quiet enough to hear an indignant robin's scolding chirps at a skulking cat.



Port Gamble is a company town, owned lock, stock and sawmill by descendants of its original Maine founders. The decision to restore and maintain the town in its original historic appearance pleased current residents, some of whom trace their ancestry back to the first families who lived here. The town is a National Historic Site, a living antique just far enough off the beaten track to attract only those who really want to see what Puget Sound's Yankee sawmill town looks and feels like. And there's no hurry; Port Gamble is bound to be around for a long time. □



THE VENERABLE KAMADO

An egg-shaped Oriental cooker with a 3,000-year history

OUR KAMADO BEGAN life in Nagoya, Japan, as other kamados have (said the instruction sheet) for 3,000 years. Nicely cradled in packing materials, it made the trip to San Francisco with my seafaring husband and was loaded into our station wagon. Then it was laboriously carried into the patio and set in place where I'd always intended to build a brick barbecue. Packing mate-

rials discarded, it was ready to go into action, and I read:

"This is a KAMADO. In Japanese, kamado means an oven, smoker or stove ... even fireplace. Although there is no comparable word in English, you will find that your new kamado can be all these things. In any language it is the most versatile and effective means of baking, roasting,



by Elizabeth Williams
paintings by Greta Elgaard

barbecuing and smoking all kinds of foods."

I was wary, maybe even a little resentful. It was a big, heavy thing, and it had been so much trouble to get it where it was that it seemed likely to stay there, "versatile and effective" or not. So there went my plan for a brick oven and open grill, with work space and a cabinet for charcoal. I had already gone so far as to stack bricks for the work space and cabinet, and it was right beside the retaining wall over which sprawled rosemary and marjoram, with oregano and thyme nearby. (These were part of my plan. While cooking delicious viands I was going to sprinkle herbs on the coals and use twigs for basting brushes.)

And anyone who's been cooking as long as I have is distrustful of sweeping statements about unfamiliar gadgets. The instructions continued, "Start your charcoal fire in the usual manner... within five minutes the kamado is ready

for barbecuing. You will notice that there are no 'cold spots' or unkindled coals because the kamado is so engineered that an even draft is carried to all areas." A likely story, I thought. Five minutes? It *always* takes a good half hour to get charcoal started.

I posted the instruction sheet on the kitchen bulletin board and lived with it and the kamado, eminently visible outside the kitchen door, for a few days. I had to grant that the kamado had a certain presence, perhaps because of its confident claim on those three millennia. Or because it didn't look like anything else, and didn't try to.

At any rate, I gave it a vote of confidence—bought an eye-of-round roast—but, still skeptical, shelled out \$1.49 for an oven thermometer to keep tabs on it.

Then the fire. The usual way: a few twists of newspaper, some twigs, a couple dozen briquettes. I lit the paper, closed the lid, opened the damper and the draft door. Clouds of smoke poured through the damper's holes. Then nothing. Fifteen minutes, and the pebbly surface of the clay was warm, only warm. Fire's out, I thought. Grimly.

I turned back the hinged top. To my surprise, the kindling material was exhausted and the charcoal was glowing at the edges. I put the grill in the kamado to sterilize it—and set the oven thermometer on the grill.

The roast was ready, rubbed with a cut lemon and massaged with salt and pepper. It went on the grill with a hiss and disappeared under the lid. Now I marveled. Though the temperature



inside that thick shell was 500° Fahrenheit, the outside was barely hot. I could hold my hand against it. I narrowed the damper openings and stuck the draft door in sidewise to moderate the heat. Gave the roast 40 minutes (we like them rare).

While the time passed, I made salad and sliced French bread and contemplated the situation in the patio. I had a good stand of thyme, the kind called Common Thyme. It was, in fact, overgrown and woody, at the stage where the garden manuals say you should cut back and discard dead wood. I pulled out handfuls and set it beside the kamado. Ten minutes short of The Moment, I lifted the top, half-raised the grill, and chucked the wood into the coals. Fragrant smoke billowed furiously. I closed it up and waited.

There was never a roast like that. Its whole outside was mahogany-colored and pearly with juice that had tried to escape. Under the crust the meat was what you dream of when you think of rare roast beef: tender to a butterknife, pink and moist. And the flavor. Well, the *flavor*. The thyme had permeated every fiber, right to the center of the cut, but just delicately, just perfectly.

That was the first of dozens, maybe hundreds of feasts from the kamado. It's never produced a dud, though I've made mistakes—mostly through underestimating its soundness and versatility. For instance, with the first roast I should have baked potatoes and maybe a foil packet of mushrooms seasoned with soy sauce.

Later, I worked too hard at turning

and basting smaller cuts of meat, finally realizing that in a kamado you don't have to turn and baste. As the instructions say, "The heat circulates in a manner which cooks your meat from the top as well as from the bottom, so a rotisserie is never needed. Also unnecessary is a movable grill; by merely adjusting the draft openings you automatically attain the desired amount of heat."

They're right; you do. Ten-pound roast or half-inch chop, all surfaces are seared, their moisture driven inward. At first I used it only for large cuts—a fowl, a boned and rolled leg of lamb, a big chunk of fish. Then tried vegetables, always with great success: potatoes or yams, corn in its husks, car-



rots, beans or onions wrapped in foil with herbs, butter and a little water. And would you believe hickory-smoked eggplant?

One day, for some reason I now forget, we simply *had* to have shish kebab. Since the kamado had crowded out the nebulous grill, it had to serve as one. "It won't work!" cried the resident skeptic. "It'll have to," I said, serenely laying the fire. It worked, perfectly.

Same with steaks and chops. Home alone or with only one young one or guest to feed, I find myself using that hugely capacious thing to cook two lamb chops (and maybe a potato and a handful of pearl onions or some beets in their skins)—and then saving most of the charcoal after the cooking.

A recent triumph was oysters roasted in their shells. Two dozen of them,

fresh from commercial oyster beds a few miles away, were laid on the kamado's grill, where they looked, as a guest said, as if we were roasting rocks. After 40 minutes they opened—reluctantly—and were served with a vinegar-and-butter dip. They were good enough to bring tears to the eyes of oyster lovers.

For all its willingness to serve, the kamado asks only a little care. Because it is ceramic, changing temperatures on it too fast could make it crack. If it should get rained on, we're careful to see that it's completely dry before making a fire in it. We're also advised that when cooking at a low temperature it's best not to open the lid without first removing the draft door and opening the damper to avoid the chilling effect of a rush of cold air.

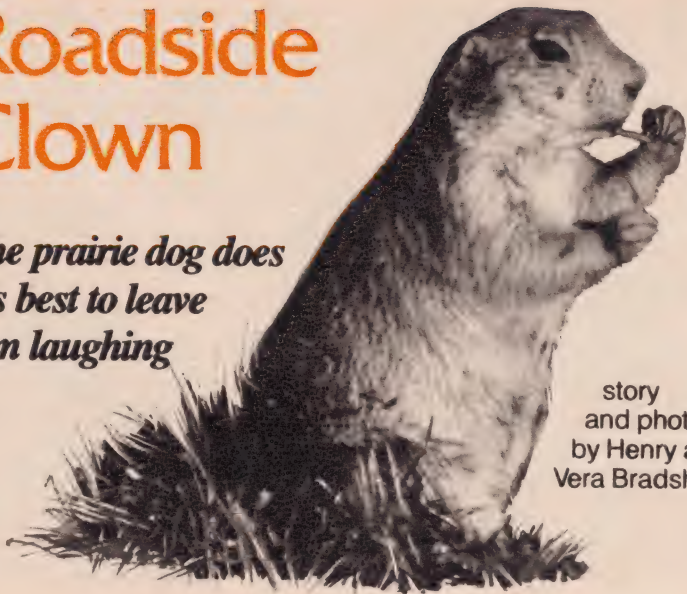
Not long ago a guest new to kamados offered to help, so I asked him to build the fire. "Do you have any charcoal starter?" he asked. He was surprised that it wasn't needed, then astounded, when the coals were ready in less than 20 minutes. And at the end, after the good food, impressed that about half the charcoal was left in the firebox for the next cooking, he ruled: "No home should be without one!"

Occasionally, as I brush rosemary seeds off the kamado's now familiar domed top, I wonder if it feels ill-used, living so far from home, giving its best to a cooking style so alien to its careful inventors. Then I think that though our roots, its and mine, are on opposite sides of the globe, we do have much in common. We both love to cook. □



Roadside Clown

*The prairie dog does
his best to leave
'em laughing*



story
and photos
by Henry and
Vera Bradshaw

ALL SUMMER long throughout the vast Midwestern plains, irrepressible little prairie dogs stage extraordinary roadside acts. These animals are as funny and appealing as circus clowns; it seems as if they, too, are trying to bring an extra measure of happiness and relaxation to man.

So many travelers have discovered the amazing sunup-to-sundown entertainment occurring in prairie dog towns that many Western states have elevated prairie dogs from the low-down position of pests all the way up to honorable tourist attractions.

Sociable as he is, the prairie dog is no great shakes when it comes to size and

beauty. Resembling a squirrel, he is scarcely 14 inches long in adulthood, and, although roly-poly, never weighs much more than three pounds. He is normally buff-colored and has small beady eyes.

Occasionally, a prairie dog may be seen dashing about his town as though he were the sole inhabitant. He isn't. Hundreds, sometimes thousands, of his friends, relatives and family live there, too, hiding away on gloomy days and at night in multitudinous burrows marked above ground by miniature pyramid-shaped mounds.

Like beach addicts, prairie dogs are lovers of the sun. Visit a prairie dog



town on a sunny day and some will be lazily stretched out atop their mounds, while others romp and play in puppy-dog fashion. A knowledgeable observer claims prairie dogs engage in a contest not unlike football, with unbelievable blocking.

On the other hand, you may catch them kissing. Or carefully grooming one another. Sometimes they quarrel, kicking dirt angrily at adversaries. But they will group together and fight to their death alien prairie dogs who try to take over their territory.

Often they stand erect on their hind legs, as stiff and motionless as exquisite little statues. Sometimes they jabber with all the intensity of town gos-

sips passing on choice bits of news. Activities go unabated unless they sense danger, then their squeals split the air like hundreds of sirens turned loose. At these danger alarms, prairie dogs dive swiftly into their underground burrows, leaving the town quiet and deserted. It was this warning squeal, sounding much like a small dog's bark, that gave the prairie dog its name.

When feeding, which is what the prairie dog does much of the time he is above ground, he is almost impervious to everything else. His great appetite for greenery (providing part of his water intake) nearly proved his undoing, especially with ranchers. The prairie dog's use of pasture land was so

tremendous that in 1901 one Texas prairie dog town extended 250 miles, was 100 miles wide and had a population of four million. Because of similar situations all over the West, war was, understandably, declared on the prairie dog. He was poisoned, shot and gassed almost to extinction.

What wildlife friends the prairie dog had, of course, couldn't marshal to his defense. Otherwise the mountain plover would surely have pointed out how ideal prairie dog towns were for nesting. The desert rabbit would have complained that his most favorite hangout was being destroyed. And the burrowing owl would have screamed that he relied on the prairie dog's abandoned burrows for his summer residence.

The prairie dog is a prolific breeder—another trait that got him into trouble. A litter, usually consisting of three to six pups weighing one-half ounce each, arrives in the February to May period, and the survival rate is high. If man and natural enemies (foxes, coyotes, ferrets) don't destroy him, he can expect to live to the ripe old age of 10. Parents do their part in bringing about his longevity: They keep pups safely underground for about five weeks. By then, the pups can see, their bodies are protected by a warm fur-covering and, most important of all, they are able to give the danger squeal.

Even though the prairie dog is happy-go-lucky, he is deadly serious in the excavation of his burrow, an engineering masterpiece. Around the

hole, the ringed pile of dirt thrown out during the digging serves as a watch tower, a place to sun and a dike to keep out water. The main burrow has a vertical tunnel at least 10 feet deep, with a clever cubby hole near the entrance for listening. There are false tunnels to help him escape enemies, and a nursery cozily lined with grass. If he is fond of the neighbors, his tunnel may extend to their underground abodes.

It was the prairie dog's sudden rise as a tourist attraction that changed his status considerably. He is now protected, mainly in national parks and refuges. His upgrading has led to at least one state, New Mexico, awarding him his own private refuge. At Alcalde Prairie Dog Refuge on U.S. 64, 30 miles north of Santa Fe, he can play and propagate with no interference from man. Dirt roads wind through the 20-acre refuge, and prairie dogs are seen all along the way.

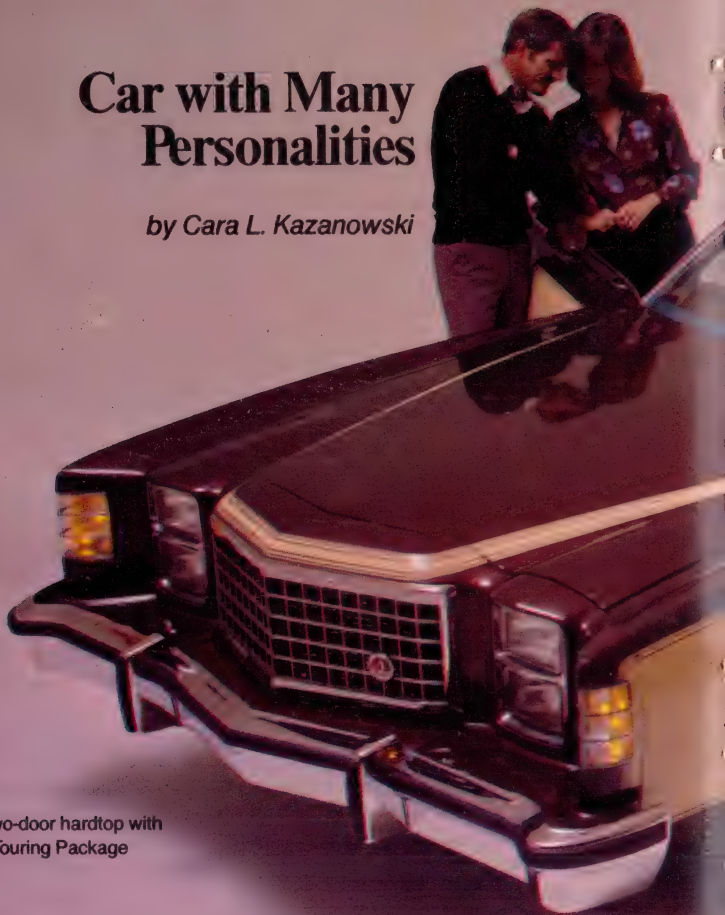
For years, the prairie-dog town at Devils Tower National Monument, Wyoming, has attracted roadside visitors. In fact, these prairie dogs have acquired such a national reputation that officials call them the monument's "Chamber of Commerce."

The prairie dog town in MacKenzie State Park, Lubbock, Texas, is the drawing card responsible for the park being one of the state's most popular. Long ago, when prairie dogs began to disappear from their vast Texas colonies, the parks department wisely laid out this town and invited prairie dogs in. They came. It has been a happy arrangement ever since. □

LTD II

Car with Many Personalities

by Cara L. Kazanowski



LTD II two-door hardtop with
Sports Touring Package

THE MID-SIZE LTD II can be the car you want it to be—from two-door sporty with heavy youthful tape striping to four-door formal with all the traditional big-car accoutrements.

If you want a car with sporty flair, select an LTD II or LTD II S two-door hardtop and add the popular Sports Appearance Package that features wide tricolor tape stripes, Magnum 500 styled steel wheels with trim rings and raised-white-letter tires. If you accentuate this on the interior with the Sports

Instrumentation Group and all-vinyl or the new cloth-and-vinyl bucket seats, your car will look right at home with any sports-loving crowd.

You can just as



nicely
dress-up your
LTD II ... making
the car truly the
LTD of mid-size cars.

It's easy with the
Brougham two- or four-door
models that come with a raft of
standard equipment: split bench seats,
luxury sound package, illuminated electric
clock, deluxe wheel covers, 18-ounce cut-
pile carpeting and much more.

Next, you'll be able to
choose any of LTD II's traditional big-car options, in-

cluding seven audio systems, air conditioning with manual or automatic temperature control, tilt steering wheel, day/date clock, illuminated visor vanity mirror, fingertip speed control, and illuminated Entry System that includes time-delayed interior lighting and lighted exterior door-lock cylinders.

LTD IIs are roomy, too. There's seating space for six in all models, and the four-door wheelbase of 118 inches is even longer than the best-selling full-size car on the market.

Price is another good reason to purchase an LTD II. The base LTD II S two-door hardtop has a suggested retail price of \$4,814 while the four-door version begins at \$4,889. The mid-series LTD II two-door hardtop carries a suggested retail price of \$5,069 while the four-door pillared hardtop in this series is priced only \$100 more. The top-of-the-line LTD II Brougham is a good value with a suggested retail price of \$5,405 for the two-door hardtop and \$5,505 for the four-door model.

To top off an LTD II, customers may choose from a new Valino grain vinyl roof and several new vinyl roof colors. The two-door's vinyl roof comes three ways—full, front half-roof or rear half-roof. The popular new Russet shade highlights the list of interior and exterior color choices.

The new 40-channel Citizens Band radio, available with any of six optional audio systems, has a remote-mounted chassis, detachable power microphone with built-in controls and single tri-band antenna—all features designed to protect against theft.

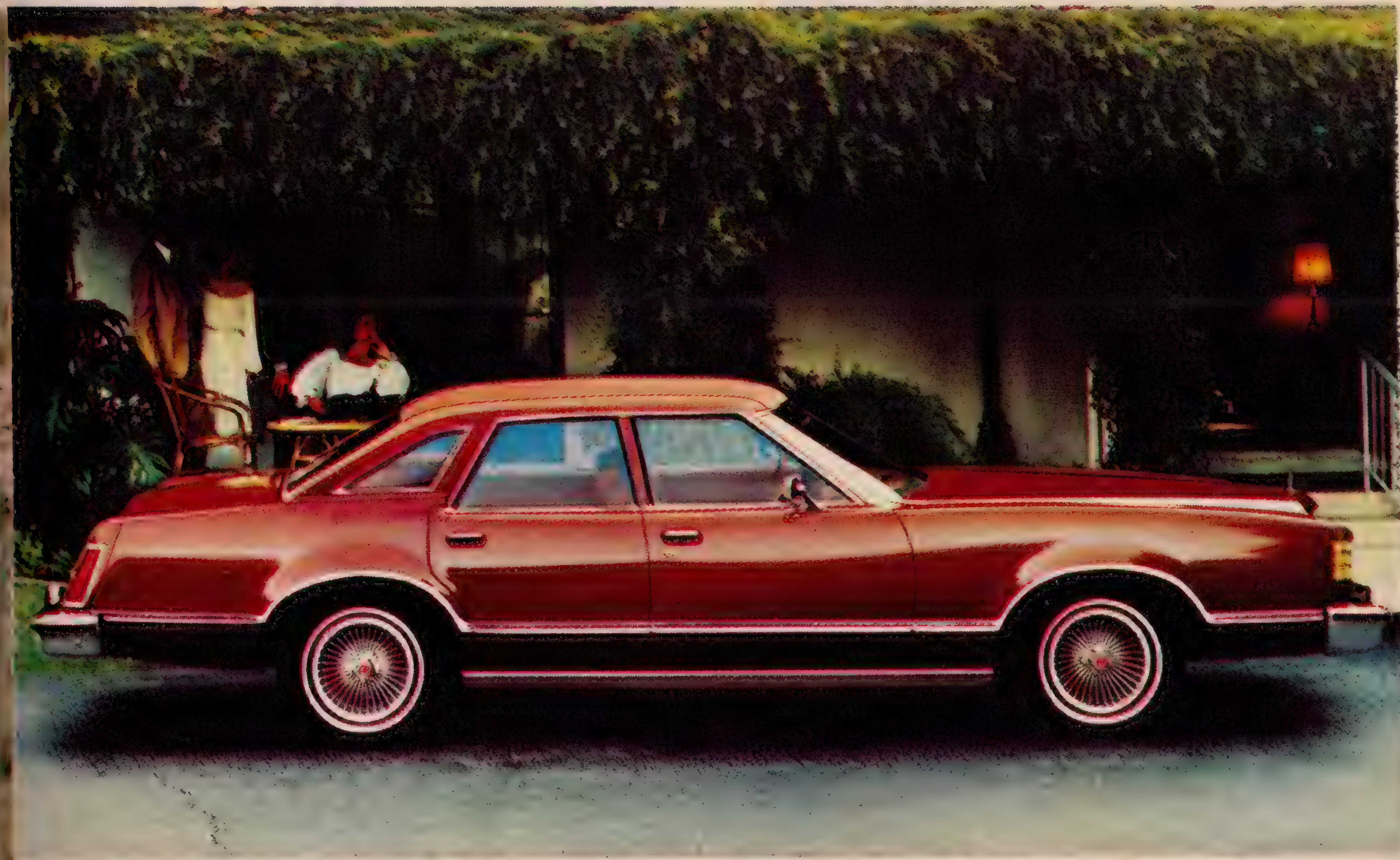
The LTD II's standard powerteam is SelectShift automatic transmission with a 5.0-litre (302 CID) 2V V-8 engine except in California where the optional 5.8-litre (351 CID) engine is required. A 6.6-litre (400 CID) V-8 also is optional.

The LTD II two-door hardtop with the 5.0-litre engine received an Environmental Protection Agency 49-state rating of 22 miles per gallon (mpg) for highway usage and 15 mpg for city driving. EPA ratings for California were 18 mpg highway and 12 mpg city for an LTD II two-door hardtop with the 5.8-litre engine.*

LTD II models pictured on these pages feature one or more of the following options: Sports Touring Package, Deluxe Bumper Group, dual sport mirrors, bucket seats, full vinyl roof, cast aluminum wheels, Convenience Group, opera windows, wide bright moldings, white sidewall tires, console, floor shift and Newbury cloth-and-vinyl upholstery. □

****Your actual mileage will vary, depending on the type of driving you do, your driving habits, your car's condition and optional equipment.***

Ford Division reserves the right to discontinue or change specifications or designs at any time without notice or obligation. Some features shown or described are optional equipment items that are available at extra charge. Some options are required in combination with other options. Always consult your Ford dealer for the latest, most complete information on models, features, prices and availability.



LTD II four-door pillared hardtop with optional Russet full-vinyl roof and opera window

All LTD IIs have room for six adults

Optional Newbury cloth-and-vinyl bucket seats



Collecting Old-Fashioned Paperweights

They often portray interesting early-American scenes and can represent a promising financial investment

story and photos by Stan Gores

ALTHOUGH THEY MAY lack the glamor of their more costly French counterparts from Baccarat, Clichy and St. Louis, there's still an inexpensive and characteristically American line of paperweights that keeps attracting collectors in growing numbers. These are the souvenir, advertising, political and world's fair weights that picture everything from early typewriters to a breathtaking view of the Ferris wheel that made its appearance at the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago in 1893.

Such paperweights can be found almost anywhere—in antique shops, at flea markets, at auctions and even at rummage sales. A weekend journey into shops within a 100-mile radius of home in almost any state can produce as many as four or five of these fascinating old pieces, generally averaging between \$5 and \$30. And while they may not exude a sparkling array of beautiful

color, they make up for it in historical value. They are Americana, pure and simple, and will do nothing but rise in antique esteem in the years ahead.

One of the most interesting aspects of hunting for such paperweights is the diversity of subject matter and form. They may show an early setting at the White House, a monument, state prison, capitol, school or pavilion. Or they may advertise an early manufacturer, hotel or life insurance company, or bear the intaglio of George Washington, Abraham Lincoln or Queen Victoria. They feature structures from famous fairs and some, like those showing the somber countenance of the assassinated William McKinley, reflect the political battles that most of us recall only from history books.

The majority of such weights are clear glass rectangular slabs with pictures pasted on the bottoms or held fast by a milky-white base filler. Some also





have a mirror base not unlike the little hand mirrors that men and women carried in their pockets and purses years ago. The average size of a crystal slab weight is four by two-and-a-half inches, although there are wide variations. All are appropriately heavy. Domed weights of this type also differ, some being of solid glass with the image sealed in by a plaster of Paris bottom while others have the image pressed right into the glass itself. And there are oval, square and even octagonal shapes that lend added interest.

Most pictures that are magnified through the weights are similar to those found on early postcards. The majority are photographs, often in color. Some are tinted, however, such as those in the early slab weights dating back to the

1876 Centennial. The pictures were professionally applied to the base in a manner that held them fast, with the name of distributors frequently attached. It's obvious from the damage marks that some owners couldn't resist fingernail picking at the pictures, perhaps only to better understand the mystery of paperweight magnification. But through the years such paperweights have proved themselves to be durably useful and their increasing importance as collectibles has been well-earned.

Weights that were made for well-known expositions today rank as the aristocracy of the souvenir class. Those with the tinted pictures of buildings or the intaglios of Washington and Lincoln, some of which were produced by Gillinder & Sons in 1876, bring the highest prices. They start at around \$60 and top out at \$250. But Columbian Exposition souvenir paperweights, many of them marked as having been made by the Libbey Glass Company of Toledo, Ohio, still can be found at bargain rates—from \$4 to \$50. In addition to the state buildings at the exposition, these weights show Christopher Columbus, the Liberty Bell and of course the famous Ferris wheel which was erected as a special \$35,000 attraction at the Chicago extravaganza.

The Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo, New York, in 1901 also turned out some distinctive weights but, unfortunately, many remember that exposition only because it was there that President McKinley was shot. In 1904, at the St. Louis Exposition, fine paperweights with decorative ridges around the base

and gilt-framed base pictures were produced by the Libbey firm.

Advertising weights, shunned as recently as four or five years ago, now are gaining in stature because collectors have come to recognize their historical nature. Many fall in the \$5 to \$10 price range and few exceed \$35. Typical of the most handsome of this type—and therefore capable of bringing perhaps as much as \$85—is one that is round, four inches in diameter, with a gold intaglio of a jeweled Queen Victoria. Embossed inside a beaded border designed to look like the lights on a theater marquee is the advertisement, "Victoria Hotel, Chicago."

Another rare advertising paperweight, domed and heavy with a plaster-sealed base, trumpets the "Caligraph Writing Machine" marketed by the Badger Typewriter & Stationery Company of Milwaukee. The age of the weight can be determined not only from the old-fashioned typewriter that is illustrated but by the three-digit phone number that is listed. "Heavy tinned goods for public institutions" are advertised on a slab crystal weight by manufacturer L. W. Loomis. The paperweight also carries the name of the manufacturer's agent in Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio.

Since advertising and souvenir paperweights were produced in abundance, some to be given away to good customers or sold for a nominal sum, they still are plentiful. Some collectors seek only paperweights that show buildings and places in their home states. Others are captivated by exposi-



tions. Some want only those that tell an advertising story. Many collectors are willing to travel miles to an auction if they think they can acquire a paperweight showing a person of historical, military or political significance.

One rule to remember in collecting such paperweights is that they should be in good condition. Chips on the base, half-torn illustrations, pictures that have been recently added and clouded "sick" glass all detract from the value. The buyer still can deal from strength in this field, choosing only what suits his standards and fancy.

It's still possible for almost anyone to assemble a collection of old-fashioned paperweights that not only capture a vivid sense of American history but also offer a promising investment. □



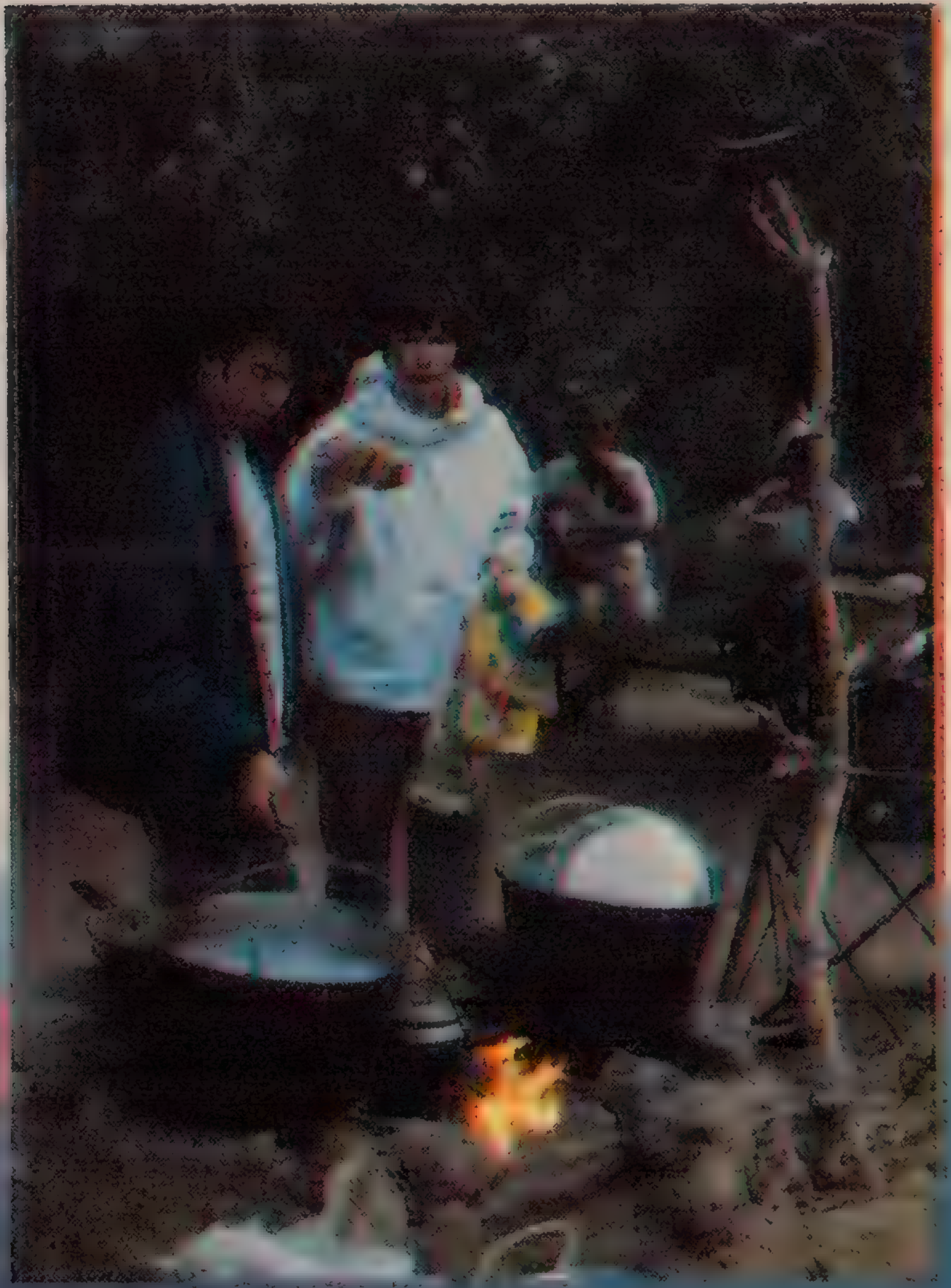
Editor's note: Leading up to the observance of Ford Motor Company's 75th anniversary this year on June 16, FORD TIMES is reprinting each month one story from among the finest we have published. "The People and the Canyon," by Laurence Critchell, is the 12th in our series. It appeared in the issue of July 1953.

The People and the Canyon

by Laurence Critchell

If you want enchantment of a very special order, get there after sundown when the fires are lit. You are probably too late, then, to find the best place to camp, but there is a compensation. You are in a peculiar kind of fairyland. The gnarled branches of pines bar your way unexpectedly. Smoke drifts through the leaves. There are little flickering lights of fires everywhere in the forest, as if a gypsy band had camped there for the night. It's dark. You can't tell where the paths lead, or where the canyon is, or who is sleeping where. But you can hear the wind threading through the trees, and with it the faint lovely sounds of music, the haunting masculinity of an accordion, perhaps, or just a half-score of young voices singing those old songs that people sing when the moon and the stars are out, and the fire is dying to embers.

That's what it's like to camp at the Grand Canyon. Nobody will ask who you are, and nobody will care what you wear. There's no admission charge—unless you want to sleep in a cabin. The firewood is there for the using, and so are the stone fireplaces, the washrooms and the cleared floor of the forest—and of course the stars and the winds and that enormous brooding Presence, which is the canyon, and which you feel at night when the fires have died and the songs are stilled and there is only yourself and the vast body of the earth and billions of years of geologic



time that are running away to eternity in those immense hollowed depths of the earth.

Of course, there are public camping grounds like that in all the national parks. They are for the friendly-hearted, who would rather mix the wilderness with a little touch of human warmth. But there is something different about the one at the Grand Canyon, and I think it is this curious mixture of eternity and the brief, sweet, poignant span of our human lives. I remember the night when Mary and I first came there. We had been driving along the canyon ridge at twilight, in the immense loneliness that descends over all the vastness after sundown. We might have been a thousand miles from man. Yet there he was, in all those flickering fires and sweet warm songs, and in some way hard to understand you felt at once that you had come to something equally as eternal as the canyon.

We stumbled on a little boy of 7 or 8 who all but challenged us. "My name's David," he said. "What's yours?"

We told him.

"You'd better camp over there," he said, hitching his belt like an old frontiersman. "This here belongs to Dad."

"This here" was just a few square feet of grassy earth, and David's right of eminent domain. We staked our own claim in the darkness and added one more fire—and the fragrance of frankfurters and beans—to all the other comfortable, homely evidences of man.

The public camping grounds on the south rim of the Grand Canyon are neither for those who like their wilderness pure nor for those who hold any kind of distinctions between one man and another. There is a kind of huge natural democracy about the place. Here are the friendly ones, who are grateful for what has been provided and a little in awe of the immense canopy of stars and that brooding nearness of the canyon. If you have trouble with your fire, as we did, some one is going to help you out. If you lack a necessity, like a hatchet or a flashlight, just walk 20 or 30 feet and borrow one from a total stranger. In the darkness, in the drifting wood smoke, in the common reason for being there, you find a quality that is infinitely remote from the atomic age. The devil is not there at all.

Mr. and Mrs. Burt Karcy of Washington, Iowa, had a trailer about 30 feet from where we slept. They were sitting out in camp chairs listening to the singing before they went to bed. He was a retired salesman

of farm machines; and every summer they spent a few weeks on the south rim of the canyon.

"Sometimes we go to the north rim," he said. "There's a forest there—what's the name of it?"

"The Kaibab," said Mrs. Karcy.

"That's it. Beautiful place. But—well, there's more people here. And then we have the hotel—once in a while we go up for a real meal."

"Burt," said Mrs. Karcy.

He grinned and patted her hand. "Just like to give her a break once in a while . . ."

The Kendziorskis were on the other side of us, along with David and his eminent domain. Al Kendziorski was a machinist with Douglas Aircraft at Santa Monica. He was a young, lean, dark-faced man with a beautiful Polish wife—and month-old baby, who slept in a hammock in the car.

"Kinda crazy to come out here with a baby," said Al. "But I dunno—we get a kick out of it."

"Al built a carrying sling," said Mrs. Kendziorski. "You should see it."

"That's so we can hike," said the man with a grin. "We're going to try it down the canyon."

"Who carries it?" asked Mary.

"Oh, Al does," said Mrs. Kendziorski, with that peculiar satisfaction of a young woman who has married a strong man.

Across the clearing from where we slept that night, a group of youngsters from Pasadena Junior High School, who had come with their chaperones in an old-fashioned bus, sat around the campfire and sang songs. They were young—their voices were high and sweet and true, and it was beautiful to hear them as we lay there on the pine-fragrant earth watching the smoke of their campfire drift up to the stars. The songs they sang were the old familiar ones, reaching far back, back into the times they had never known—

I want a girl

Just like the girl

Who married dear old Dad . . .

This was not just that huge democracy of the camping grounds, but something that moved the heart. As the fires began to die out all over the forest, we had the feeling that everybody was listening to them—the Karcys in their trailer, the Kendziorskis in their sleeping bags and all the other people who were lying on the earth around us.

And then at last even the youngsters' fire died, the last sparks trailed up to the stars, and they sang that most beautiful of evening hymns—

*Holy, Holy, Holy,
Lord God of Hosts—
Heaven and earth are full of Thee
Heaven and earth are praising Thee*

Mind you, there is no charge for all of this.

There is just a moment before dawn when you can almost sense the ages of time that are running quietly along in that great river at the bottom of the canyon. It is not something you can bear for more than an instant. Mary and I had walked down in the blackness to the canyon's rim and stood there waiting for the sunrise. Everything had become almost unearthly still—not the chirrup of a bird, not the crackle of a twig, nothing. Just that solitude, that vast gulf of space, and time running on from the beginning of the world to the infinitely distant end.

As I say, you can only bear it for a fraction of a second. Then, if you are wise, you had better clasp hands and wait impatiently and watch with enormous gratitude as the shadows lighten and the black turns blue and the birds awaken and all at once, for perhaps the trillionth time, there is that wonderful crescendo of gold as the whole world of the canyon is suddenly blazing with sun.

We went back hungrily for breakfast. The camp was already up; everywhere we could smell bacon frying. Blue smoke drifted through the trees. Strangers smiled and said good morning. Around the old bus from Pasadena Junior High there was a bustle of activity. Al Kendziorski was building a fire. Mrs. Karcy was carrying a towel and a brush through the trees. And David, his feet planted on our few square feet of camping ground, faced a family who had just arrived.

"Sorry," he said, hitching up his belt with immense confidence, "this belongs to a friend"



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New Hope: Border Between the Past and Present

Where Pete and Millie pull an 1832 barge, where the shops are smart and the theatre is Broadway, where you can dine elegantly or picnic on the banks of the Delaware River at Washington's Crossing

by Nancy Sonneman

paintings by Ben Eisenstat

NEW HOPE, Pennsylvania, is a border and river town of the cultural elite on the Delaware, not quite real to the tired eyes of the road traveler but nevertheless an oasis of many diverse interests you should see and get to know. Wherever you're coming from, you can get there on first-class roads, and for metropolitan types from Philadelphia or New York City, it is a leisurely day-long round trip. This makes New Hope a hub for short trips into the Bucks County and the New Jersey countryside, where the past is present, as we have discovered.

My husband and I have visited New Hope many times, frequently as writers and photographers for interviews with transplanted New Yorkers working as craftsmen and merchants, and in between for the pleasure of it, to allow frayed ends to flap in the breezes of the Delaware River, which we love.

As rivers go, the meandering Delaware at New Hope is a strong, alternately deep and shallow body of water. It's a good river, easy to see across, easy to travel next to or wade in, as it flows south to Philadelphia. The part you drive over, say in Lambertville, New Jersey, coming from New York, is not necessarily the Delaware you can get to know. That comes later, after you've strolled your way through the carefully staged shops on Main Street and the mercantile overflow in neighboring Lambertville.

We would not have returned as often for our own pleasure were it not for the way we think of New Hope. As a commercial entity it is obvious to a fault

(and necessarily so), a poster-color ribbon of crafts and candle shops, and a town with the good sense to zone its big motel, a nonconforming structure, over the horizon. A visitor has all he wants in country inns; legitimate theatre in the Bucks County Playhouse; reasonable, smart or elegant dining; shops with values as well as vanities, and a river that slips quietly by, for the time being unnoticed but for paddle boats and the occasional water skier.

Downriver, amid the granite of a state park, is the place where General Washington, a stagey fellow himself, crossed in soaked tunic on a snowy night. Upriver, there are farms and roads to get lost on, and clusters of houses at deserted intersections. But with all of it, the river is the thing—and parallel to it, the canals are filled with overflow. These canals were, in fact, the superhighways of 1832, still water where river men tended mules on tow paths, hauling barges of coal and other commodities.

We discovered one of the canals during a side trip or two north and south on State Highway 32. An occasional canoer made the only ripples on the canal—in contrast to the river, where kids clad in orange flotation vests jumped from the overhang of an old mill into white water beyond the rocks of an old dam.

Relatively lifeless and without the sound of rushing water, the canal had something unexpected to offer. Having parked our van in town, we unloaded the bikes that always rattle along with us and took to the paths and private

roads that join the river to the canal. We could have been anywhere in green country, but for the accompanying water ditch—and, now and then, what seemed the strains of a favorite Handel concerto. Peace and quiet do strange things, to be sure, but Handel in Bucks County had to be attributable to the heat waves from the concrete road. Yet the sound persisted and, almost unwillingly, both of us stopped, carefully, without daring to say what we thought we heard.

Maybe it had been a recording issuing from a parked car or cottage somewhere. Or perhaps the aura of the canal itself, so reminiscent of the 18th century, flanked by rows of huge oaks in precise lines like the avenues of tall trees in a formal garden, had worked upon our senses to produce an illusion.

It seemed the music, real or not, was coming from the direction of the canal. The canal along this stretch is marked

by old planked bridges that cross at about quarter-mile intervals. We made our way down the road until we came to a turnoff. Stationed atop the arch of one of these bridges, we waited for the approaching sound. The music stopped, and still nothing came into view.

And then, poking through an opening in the bordering trees, appeared a mule, then another, bells hung from their necks and two young tenders keeping pace. Tethered to the beasts by long ropes was a wide, flat-bottomed, canopied barge.

Once more the afternoon stillness turned into music, this time Mozart, and as the barge glided under the bridge, we saw its cargo, an orchestra of mostly young and very serious musicians. In the easy wake of this barge followed another, the audience also in tow. Watching this extraordinary vision glide out of sight, we took off in pursuit, racing to the next bridge and, we hoped, another grandstand view of the floating concert.

Not far down the road we came to a bridge exactly like the first and alighted, waiting for the mules' bells and the barges. Within a few minutes we heard the faint and gentle clanking and, soon, the strains of the orchestra. When the piece was ended, the audience applauded, ever so genteelly, as the mood of the music and the afternoon quiet required.

When one of the barge tenders leapt from the wooden canopy of the barge to the towpath, a distance of at least 10 feet, there to exchange places with another tender, the audience offered





another round of polite applause, in the tradition of the first, acknowledging the feat.

We continued bridge-hopping until the canal took a turn to an area that was far from the road and impassable by bike. Reluctantly, we abandoned our pursuit. Deciding to investigate further, we turned our bikes around and headed toward New Hope in search of the barge company that operated this grand entertainment.

We found George Schweickhardt, owner and operator of the New Hope Mule-Drawn Barge Company, at Lock House No. 11, a charming fieldstone building dating back to 1825. It was the traditional residence of the lock tender when the canal was operated as part of

the Pennsylvania Canal System.

The ease with which George handled our questions indicated his deep interest in the canal and its history. More admirable was the way he endured our superlatives, showing that he'd had practice with charmseekers. *Harper's Bazaar* had been there, we found out, its long, lean mannequins posed languorously on the backs of the mules.

Fortune was with us. There would be one more trip that day. The barge leaves every afternoon except Monday at 1, 3, 4:30, and 6, traveling north of New Hope two miles up the canal and returning in about an hour. The fares are \$2 for adults, \$1 for children. There are special rates for groups of more than 30 at \$1.75 for adults and 75 cents for children.

Charter excursions that go six miles each way with an hour and a half stop at a picnic area are also available.



The hourly excursion features a tour guide who tells of the history of the canal and the surrounding area, for example, that the canal passes under the oaks where George Washington camped with his troops. If the tour guide has his guitar handy, he will treat the passengers to period pieces like *House Carpenter*, *Strangest Dream* and *Yankee Doodle*.

The event we had seen earlier was a charter excursion engaged by a high school orchestra. George told of other planned charter excursions, one of which was to feature a wedding on the barge. George then gave us a tour of the barn where we were introduced to Red,

Spooky, Max, Mini, Jimmy, Ralph, Pete and Millie. Now these were our kind of folk. Red and Spooky were 5-year-old mules and the youngest of the group while Pete and Millie were both pushing 40. George told us that mules live well into their 40s and, unlike horses, usually work up to their last year. Spooky twitched his ears at us, and we tried to twitch ours back, but gave up, figuring it must be an inherited trait.

We watched George as he hooked up another team of mules for the 6 o'clock trip. The bikes were already stashed in our van and we had a small thermos of our favorite chilled beverage in hand and a bag of cracker and cheese crumbs left over from a picnic lunch along the river. After an afternoon of watching other people float leisurely down canal, grace was at long last ours.

Trailing our fingers in the water, serenaded by a folk guitarist, sipping that potion kept icy by the thermos, we mused on worldly escapes from the world we had known. This one definitely ranked high in our book of escapes.

Travel has many rewards, most of them fairly predictable in scenic and shopping and sightseeing opportunities, and that's fine. Not many places, however, can mesh so well with the mechanics of the past as does New Hope. Perhaps it's because the river and the canal and the same bordering oaks where Washington's troops bivouacked cannot be put into a museum's glass case. Perhaps it's because you can visit for a while with the living past. □

Festival for a **Fierce Fish**



by
Beverly J. Plummer

paintings by
Robert Boston

*Hayward, Wisconsin, annually
honors the mean and ugly muskellunge
because he's a champion*

WHEN AMERICANS like something, they have a loveable and slightly looney habit of heaping honors on it. Do you like blueberries? Good, we'll have a blueberry festival. How about rutabagas? Fine, let's do a thing for rutabagas. But a festival for a *fish*? Well sure, why not? If you were a fish you'd probably think it was a fine idea.

The people in and around Hayward,

Wisconsin, stage a rollicking three-day festival every summer in honor of the muskellunge, the meanest, ugliest, most irascible fish in the world. There are old-fashioned kids' games, a carnival, dances, a giant parade and of course a fishing contest. But if the musky is so mean and ugly, why is he honored?

Because he's a champion, I suppose,



and because everybody loves a champ. Tall tales proliferate around this Paul Bunyan of the fish world. Many of them appear to be true. Those about his size can be proven. Records show that muskies can be eight feet long and weigh 100 pounds. They're such fierce fighters that not everyone has the courage to do battle with them.

"I hooked one once," a veteran fisherman said, "that flew out of the water and sailed over the boat, right past my head. Down into the water he went on the far side and in a second he came back up, right where he started. Most people won't believe this," he went on, "but that musky repeated the whole performance once again and wrapped the boat in line like a Christmas package."

"The musky is the most intelligent fish I know," another admirer said. "He will scrape his jaw along a gravel bottom to dislodge a hook; he can play dead, or he will sink arrogantly to the bottom with a lure in his mouth and lie there motionless for an hour."

I'd never seen a musky until last summer, when I went to the Hayward festival. It wasn't hard to find them. There was a display tank right in the center of town, and all day long crowds of curious visitors passed by as though they were gazing at a fallen hero. As I stood there, an attendant lifted one old boy out of the water and his mouth fell open. Unconsciously, I drew back. His jaws looked as if they belonged to an alligator, and the teeth lining them were as sharp as those of my neighbor's dog.

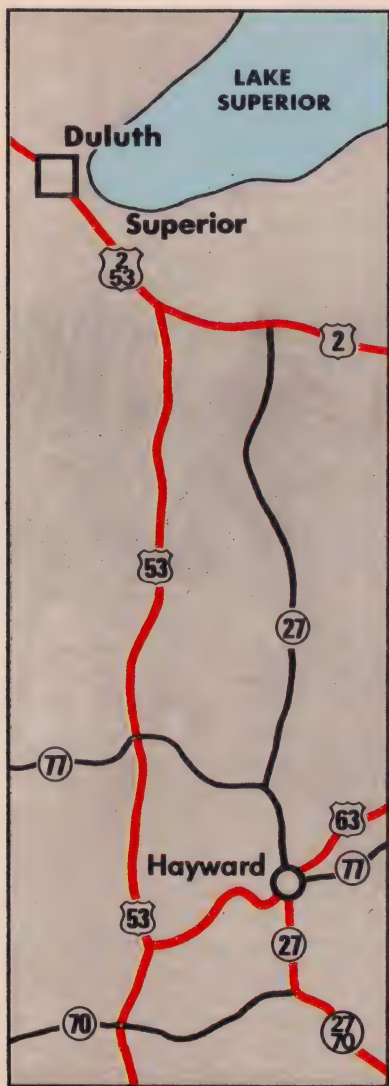
The woman next to me shivered and turned away.

"Aw, come on," her husband laughed. "We used up a whole tank of gas to get over here today. You better take a better look than *that*."

But I knew how she felt. There's something so spooky about this fish that he repels and attracts at the same time. He is a solitary hunter who eats everything from muskrats to other muskies. Supposedly, all he wants is to be left alone, but if this is true, he gave up all chances of achieving this goal when a sportswriter caught one in a Hayward lake in 1949. It weighed almost 70 pounds (a world's record) and word soon spread that Hayward was the place to go if you were musky hunting.

Eager people come now from all over the country, and during the festival days the little community swells way past its natural edges. But it absorbs the influx without a hassle. It's evidently always been a place where strangers could go and feel welcome. As long ago as 1941, writers working on a guide to the state were impressed. "Hayward is one of those elastic northern Wisconsin communities," they wrote, "that can expand to five or six times its normal size during the summer without discomfort to either residents or visitors."

I can vouch for that. The day of the big parade, eating or drinking alone became an amusing impossibility. Cafes ran out of glasses, napkins, rye bread and table space. One time I was joined by two dirty-faced 12-year-olds who were still shrieking over the rides they'd taken at the carnival. At dinner,



an old man, wearing a red shirt and a limp felt hat with a month's supply of toothpicks under the band, stopped and asked if he could join me. It turned out that he'd been a musky guide all of his adult life.

"I took a guy out one time," he told me between bites of corned beef, "who'd never fished before. He wanted to start right at the top and go for a musky. Well, we hadn't been out 15 minutes when a big one jolted his line. It was a *monster*! So old it had turned gray on top and its eyes looked like they were dangling on stems." He stopped now and laughed, remembering how it had been. "Well, he started screaming like he was on fire. Wouldn't let me land the fish because he didn't want him in the boat. I took him back to the resort and he went home with eight days left of his vacation. That musky had scared him half to death."

The town of Hayward sits in an area of green splendor. Hundreds of tiny lakes lie scattered about like marbles among the pines and birches. The 17,000-acre Chippewa Flowage, the Flambeau and the Namekagon rivers provide all the fishing water anyone could ask for.

State Highway 77, rolling west toward the town, stretches through acre after acre of the Chequamegon National Forest. The blacktop road makes one capricious turn after another and when a road sign says squiggle, you'd better be ready to squiggle. Fields of sharp green bracken and yellow-centered wild daisies come right up to the road as if unafraid of anything on wheels.

Hayward's close connection to the land has kept it from taking on the pomp and glitter of many prosperous resort communities. It remains almost a frontier town in its attitudes. Roles are very clear, as they often are in a community isolated from an urban center. So, in spite of the massive crowds, I sensed none of the city-type paranoia one can feel in a welter of people.

Some of the feeling of Hayward's lumberjacking past remains, too, and there's tremendous enthusiasm shown by participants in the logging competitions. Two of the largest Indian reservations in the state are nearby, and authentic Indian artwork is on sale there.

A block or two out of town, a brilliant amateur historian has developed an enterprise called Historyland. When an old hotel, school or church has stopped being useful to the community, he buys it and moves it to Historyland and

furnishes it with appropriate artifacts. There is a logging museum there, too, and one of the finest Indian villages I've seen.

The Musky Festival begins June 23 and runs for three days. The festival parade is gigantic, vivid and loud, just what a good parade should be. For information, write the festival sponsor, the Hayward Area Jaycees, Box 666, Hayward, Wisconsin 54843.

While you're in Hayward, don't miss the new National Fresh Water Fishing Hall of Fame, an impressive collection of museum, aquarium, tournament casting pool and other structures on seven acres. The highlight is a four-story, walk-through musky, scheduled to open this June at festival time.

If you go, you also should have a look at the musky that started it all. Mounted in a glass case, it hangs on the wall of the Moccasin Bar. It's scary, but look anyway. □



Shedding Pounds For Fuel Efficiency

*Led by the new Fairmont, Ford products
are showing their lighter side*

by Ray Newman



Fairmont is 316 pounds lighter than its 1977 counterpart

FORD CARS ARE involved in a weight-watching program that would shame the most determined dieter.

"In just one year, the average weight of Ford cars decreased by 200 pounds—from 4,200 pounds in 1977 to 4,000 pounds in 1978," said Thomas J. Feaheny, vice president - Car Engineering. "By 1985, our average car will have shed an incredible 1,200 pounds, and will weigh-in at about 3,000 pounds. Making our products lighter is one of our major ways of im-

proving their fuel economy.

"Vehicle downsizing and lightweight materials are key elements in Ford's weight-reduction program. Our efforts began with the 1974 Mustang II and continued with the 1975 Granada and 1977 Thunderbird. But the program really gathered momentum with the 1978 Fairmont."

Fairmont equipped with the 3.3-litre (200 CID) six-cylinder engine weighs 316 pounds less than the car it replaces, the 1977 Maverick. Said Feaheny: "Fairmont is smaller on the outside

than Maverick, yet offers more passenger and luggage space. Refinements such as these are just the beginning of what the public can expect on future Ford cars."

Ford's weight-reduction efforts extend to virtually every material used in vehicles, with the major emphasis on plastics, aluminum and high-strength steel. "It's important to note," said Feaheny, "that when we substitute materials we are not sacrificing strength, durability or quality."

The Fairmont contains more lightweight materials than any previous Ford-built car—almost 150 pounds of plastics and more than 100 pounds each of aluminum and high-strength steel. By comparison, the 1977 Maverick had 105 pounds of plastics, 79 pounds of aluminum and 75 pounds of high-strength steel.

"As a general rule," said Feaheny, "substitution of one pound of plastics for a heavier metal results in a one-pound reduction in vehicle weight. In addition to offering substantial weight savings, plastic parts don't corrode and their production requires less energy than most metals."

New plastics applications on the Fairmont include portions of wheel covers, the headlamp housings, a one-piece foam core headliner, the engine fan, the interior door handle and window crank, the battery tray and a cowl-top vent grille.

The company's F-Series trucks contain plastic fender liners stamped on modified conventional metal-stamping presses—a Ford-perfected process

for large thermoplastic stampings.

"Aluminum offers an even greater weight savings than plastics, nearly two pounds per pound used," said Feaheny. "It's one of the key materials in our substitution program because we can use it in place of steel or cast iron." Among new aluminum castings for Fairmont are those for the power-steering-gear and pump housing, manual-steering-gear housing, and window-regulator housing.

The 5.0-litre (302 CID) V-8 engine in certain Granada models has a cast-aluminum intake manifold, which at 15 pounds weighs just one-third the cast-iron manifold it replaces. The company's first aluminum bumpers were on the 1977 Pinto; bumpers on the Fairmont have extended aluminum face bars.

Using a pound of high-strength steel

Door inner panels with strategic lightening holes are still strong and durable



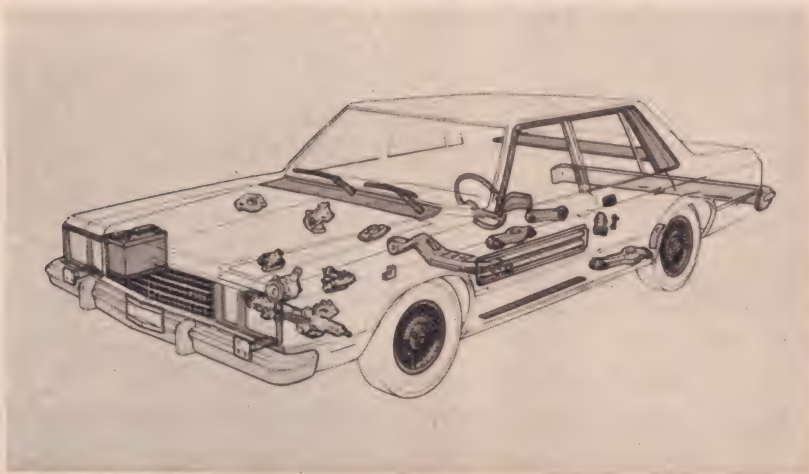
saves about one-quarter pound in the vehicle weight. Fairmont applications include the door intrusion beams, front shock-absorber mountings and various body and bracket reinforcements.

Noted Feaheny: "Another part of the weight-watching story at Ford is the use of strategic lightening holes in support braces and interior sheet metal—a technique similar to that used in aircraft construction. One look at a 'peeled' Fairmont reveals the design work that went into the body structure. But don't be fooled by the lightweight appearance of these support pieces; they are still strong. In fact, they are reminiscent of the honeycombed aluminum structure used under our Ford GT Mark IV racing car, which won the Le Mans race in 1967."

A sophisticated technique called animated modal analysis also is helping Ford reach its weight-reduction goals. Modal analysis, although not new for 1978 models, was used more extensively on Fairmont than on any previous Ford product.

The technique works like this: Sensors are attached to the car in a specific pattern, then vibrations are sent through the car to "excite" the metal. The sensors, which pick up each tiny movement of the body and suspension, tell Ford engineers about potential stress spots or vibration problems. With this information, they can beef-up high-stress areas with pinpoint accuracy—rather than smother the whole general area with sheet metal and, thus, more weight. □

Shaded areas show new applications of lightweight materials such as plastics, aluminum and high-strength steel



GLOVE COMPARTMENT

IN WHICH YOU
FIND A LITTLE BIT
OF EVERYTHING
BUT GLOVES

Access to the World: A Travel Guide for the Handicapped—This new book contains data on all modes of travel, destinations, accommodations, travel agents, health and medical problems and other helpful hints for those with loss of limbs, heart and kidney diseases, diabetes, arthritis, blindness, deafness and hypertension. Available for \$7.95 in bookstores nationally or from Chatham Square Press, Inc., 401 Broadway, New York, New York 10013.

At Last—Tours for Kids—Katy's Custom Tours in the San Francisco area fills a void in the travel scene. The outfit's 12 different tours—from Oakland's Fairyland to historic San Francisco—are led by multilingual guides, many with teaching backgrounds. Contact Katy's Custom Tours, P.O. Box 51, San Rafael, California 94902.

World's Largest Map Store—Chicago's Rand McNally map store houses 8,000 maps; globes of the earth, moon and Mars, and guidebooks that cover all but the world's most remote destinations. At 23 E. Madison Street, near State.

Save Money, Stay on Campus—*Mort's Guide* tells about U.S. and Canadian colleges and universities that offer low-cost vacations and lodgings for adults, families and groups—not just students. Added pluses: campus visitors get to use the sports, recreational, cultural and dining facilities. The \$5 book is available by writing Mort's Guide, Box 630, Princeton, New Jersey 08540.

Washington, D.C., Tour That Fills a Gap—Although tours of all kinds abounded in our nation's capital, until Elizabeth Huffman arrived a few years ago, none focused on the city's historic architecture. ArchiTours, the nonprofit organization she founded, conducts walking tours of Lafayette Square, Pennsylvania Avenue and Georgetown and a bus tour of the area's landscape architecture with trained volunteer guides. For information, write ArchiTours, 1735 New York Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006 or call (202) 223-2472.

Rent a Motor Home—A national reservation center now lists commercial and privately owned motor homes in all 50 states and some foreign countries. You may rent round trip, one-way only, or fly to your area of interest and rent a motor home to tour it, then fly home. Contact AAA Motor Home Rentals, 4480 South 300 West, Salt Lake City, Utah, or call 801-261-4321. ☐



Favorite Recipes

FROM FAMOUS RESTAURANTS BY NANCY KENNEDY



**SCHNEITHORST'S
HOFAMBERG INN
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI**

This charming old Bavarian-type restaurant, filled with antiques, is owned and managed by the Arthur Schneithorst family, which has been in the restaurant business for three generations. Across the street from the Frontenac Plaza Shopping Center, the inn is one block south of U.S. 40 at 1600 Lindbergh Boulevard. Lunch and dinner served every day, except Christmas.

VEAL A LA STRAUSBURG

*2 pounds veal steak
2 eggs, slightly beaten
2 tablespoons milk
2 cups crushed corn flakes
1 cup canned sliced mushrooms and juice
1 tablespoon flour, mixed with water
2- to 3-ounces sherry
Salt, pepper to taste*

Have veal steak cut $\frac{1}{2}$ - or $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch thick. Cut into pieces. Dip veal into mixture of egg and milk. Roll in cereal. Brown in hot fat, then add mushrooms and liquid. Cover and cook very slowly until tender, about 50 minutes. Serves 5-6.

**PONTCHARTRAIN WINE
CELLARS
DETROIT, MICHIGAN**

A bit of France transplanted to downtown Detroit, this delightful bistro is noted for its fine food, excellent wine cellar and invention of Cold Duck. Joe Beyer is the genial host and owner. Lunch and dinner served daily; reservations necessary. Closed Sundays, holidays and the first two weeks in July, it is at 234 West Larned.

CHICKEN GABRIELLE

*3 pounds cooked chicken, diced
1 pound cooked broccoli or asparagus spears
3 cups cream of mushroom soup
1 cup cream
1 teaspoon curry powder
4 drops Tabasco sauce
4 tablespoons chopped pimento
4 tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese
Paprika*

Place broccoli or asparagus in greased

shallow baking dish. Arrange chicken over. Combine soup, cream, curry powder and Tabasco. Heat, stirring constantly, until smooth. Add pimento. Pour sauce over chicken and sprinkle with cheese and paprika. Bake for 15 minutes at 400°. Serves 8.

CHOUROUTE GARNIE

Line a big kettle with 10 slices of bacon. Wash 6 cups of sauerkraut and place in kettle. Add 6 $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch thick pork chops and season with 2 teaspoons pepper and 3 tablespoons dill. Add just enough dry white wine to cover the ingredients (about 2 quarts). Put a lid on the kettle and simmer gently for 4 hours. Then add 6 knackwurst, and cook for 15-20 minutes longer. Meanwhile, boil 6 unpeeled potatoes. Arrange sauerkraut in the center of a large platter, surrounded by pork chops and sausages. Serve with peeled boiled potatoes. This makes a good buffet dish to prepare the day before and reheat. Serves 6.



**COONAMESSETT INN
FALMOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS**

Cordiality and comfort, in the finest New England tradition, are the marks of this 25-year-old resort hotel in the interesting Cape Cod village of Falmouth. The dining room is open for breakfast, lunch and dinner every day. Dining reservations taken only on Thanksgiving and Christmas. It is at the corner of Jones Road and Gifford Street. Terence Ryan is the manager.

HADDOCK CHOWDER

- 2 pounds filet of haddock*
- ½ pound butter*
- 2 cups chopped onion*
- 2 bay leaves*
- 2 cups diced raw potatoes*

- 2 cups court bouillon (seasoned broth)*
- Salt and pepper, to taste*
- 2 cups milk*
- 2 cups light cream*

Lightly sauté onions in butter, add bay leaves, potatoes, court bouillon and seasonings. Cook until potatoes are soft, then add haddock. Cover and cook for 10 minutes. Add milk and cream. Bring nearly to boil and serve. Makes 6 portions.

SCALLOPED OYSTERS

Roughly crush 1 pound saltine crackers with a rolling pin, then mix well with $\frac{3}{4}$ pound of melted butter. Put a small amount of cracker crumbs in individual casseroles. Place 6 shucked oysters on top of each. Finish off with remaining cracker crumbs. Bake 15 minutes at 400°. Serves 6.

**LE CAFÉ DE PARIS
FORT LAUDERDALE, FLORIDA**

There are six cozy dining rooms, each with a different atmosphere, at this famed French restaurant at 715 East Las Olas Boulevard. From I-95, take the E. Broward Exit. Louis Flematti and his family own and operate this establishment, which is open for lunch and dinner daily (dinner only on Sunday). Reservations necessary.

LOBSTER CAFÉ DE PARIS

- 2 2-pound lobsters*
- ½ cup chopped dry shallots*
- 1 cup fresh sliced mushrooms*
- ¼ pound butter*
- 3 tablespoons flour*

- ½ cup dry white wine*
- 3 cups light cream*
- 2 tablespoons French mustard*
- 1½ cups grated Swiss cheese*

Cook lobsters in court bouillon or seasoned water. Split them in halves. Remove meat from shells and cut in bite-size slices. Sauté mushrooms and shallots in butter. Add flour and cook 2-3 minutes. Gradually add wine, cream and mustard, stirring constantly. Simmer 8-10 minutes until sauce is medium thick. Fill bottom of shells with sauce, add meat and cover with remainder of sauce. Spread grated cheese over lobsters. Bake in 400° oven until cheese becomes golden brown. Serves 4.



FORD TIMES Misplaces a House

I was delighted to receive a copy of the March issue of FORD TIMES magazine, which beautifully features so many aspects of California living.

The story by Val R. Hawes, entitled "San Francisco's Gingerbread Homes," is fine indeed, and we are happy to have the readers of FORD TIMES informed of the way in which San Franciscans are preserving and restoring this important and treasured part of our City's architectural heritage. However, the illustration at the bottom of page 41 shows the famous Carson House in Eureka (more than 200 miles north of San Francisco), and while, as Californians, we are proud of this remarkable edifice, we really do have a number of Victorians in San Francisco which we consider at least its equal!

Thank you for your splendid tribute to our City and State. It is another reminder of how fortunate we are.

George R. Moscone
Mayor of San Francisco

Dogs and Fishes

In the September issue, you carried an article, "A Dog Is a Fisherman's Best Friend." I tried taking my dog, Bandit, fishing, and it worked so well for both dog and myself that she's going along from now on. A word of caution

—a short leash so she can't get into the tackle box or near the fish and plug works fine.

James M. Lytle
Julian, California

P.S. Caught the limit of bass on plugs.

Young Reader Renames Car

My 5 year-old daughter was just beginning to read when, one afternoon on a family outing, I noticed her studying the nameplate on the instrument panel which read "Gran Torino." Finally she looked up at me, obviously puzzled, and asked, "Daddy, why is our car called a 'Green Tomato'?"

Lee A. Dew
Owensboro, Kentucky

Goose Quill Pens Live On

Your December story about geese, "A Smart and Delicious Bird," is excellent except for your reference that the goose quill pen is "no more."

This instrument is very much alive in my studios in Charlottesville, Virginia. On December 24, I was 79 years old and I have been making and selling up to 50,000 quill pens a year for 32 years.

Lewis Glaser
Charlottesville, Virginia

12 Fords Go 800,000-Plus Miles

I bought my first new car — a 1949 Ford Club Coupe — in 1948, and drove it 106,000 miles. Between then and 1976, I purchased 11 more Fords. These 12 cars were driven a total of 807,200 miles, and at no time did any of them ever leave me stranded on the road.

Herbert F. Kortz
Minneapolis, Minnesota

1978 Ford Wagons

America's traditional favorites come from Ford, the Wagon-master. Ford built the first mass-produced wagon in 1929—a better idea on wheels. Since then, Ford has made many great wagon innovations. For 1978, Ford has added another better wagon idea. Ford Fairmont with 84% of the cargo space of

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